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The Bucks County Gazette.

The Gazette has the largest circulation of any newspaper in Bucks county with one exception

VOL XXXVII. NO. 27 BRISTOL, BUCKS COUNTY, PA. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1910. PRICE THREE CENTS

MEN'S MEETING

Rev. Edwards, of Swarthmore, Addresses Large Audience.

The largest attendance of the season at the Men's Meeting at the Bristol Baptist Church was on last Sunday afternoon when 260 men were present.

Judge H. M. Hinkley, of Danville, had been announced as the speaker, but on Friday evening, Rev. Johnston received a message from the judge that he was ill with grip but would be glad to fulfill his engagement at a later date. Saturday Mr. Johnston went to Swarthmore and secured the services of Rev. Irvine T. Edwards, who delivered an address that was thoroughly appreciated by the large audience. Mr. Edwards is a Methodist minister and is a man of very attractive personality and dramatic force. He came to this country as an emigrant boy.

The Argust sisters, four in number, sang several selections. These young ladies have sweet, musical voices and their singing was an attractive feature of the afternoon service.

Rev. Edward's address was on the subject of "Christ the Open Door," and was as follows:

REV. EDWARDS' ADDRESS.

In the tenth chapter of John's Gospel, you will read that story where Christ speaks of the sheepfold and the shepherd and the hireling and so on. In all likelihood the picture was drawn from the actual scene of a sheepfold and a shepherd. It is distinctly oriental—an open enclosure with possibly a wall or hedge about it, into which the shepherd would bring his sheep and leave them in the care of the good shepherd and they would be watched through the night. In the morning the shepherd would come and knock and the porter would open and the shepherd would receive his sheep. When Christ said "I am the door," I am told that in that oriental country the shepherd with his very body would be the door. By the swinging of the body the sheep would be permitted to pass, each one being inspected as it went out.

Did you ever think that Christ was the only man who ever spoke absolutely concerning Himself. He is the only one who ever dared to. "I am the door, the good shepherd, the vine, the way, the truth and the life, the light of the world, the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end." He was the only man in all the world's history that has ever dared to speak absolutely to the heart and life of men.

Louis XIV said of the State, "I am the State;" and the answer of the French to that was, the French Revolution. Charles I of England said; "There is none to whom I have to answer," and the answer to that was the revolution and Cromwell. There is no unreasonable claim when you come to reckon with the Christ, somehow He was just what He said He was.

I do not need to tell you a door is convenience for entrance or going out and I do need to tell you that Christ is the door from whom we find truth concerning God and human destiny; in it He tells us about God; He speaks from plains, mountains, rivers and sea.

Coleridge first said, as he stood in the vale of the Chamouni at sunrise, "There were ten thousand voices, and every voice was saying 'God' and yet nature gives us no definite conception concerning the divine character." Philosophy tries to find out all truth, but there is a point at which philosophy says "my point fails here, we must wait for the veil to be lifted." The scientist says as he rides among rocks, fields and skies, he sees traces of the divine; but it is not in the grasp of nature, it is not through a microscope, telescope or any other scope, that we find out concerning God.

There are some things that must be demonstrated rather than explained; such things as love, mercy and forgiveness. There are some things that can only be demonstrated. I come to you to try to give you a definition of Mother. I try to describe best as I can. You say to me, "I can give a better picture than that of Mother." You take from your pocket—like a story told of Dewey: a young fellow was brought to him for sentence because he had disobeyed orders. When the command to stand in line was given, something fell out of his coat pocket and the fellow made one leap overboard after it—got it and came back and they put him in chains. When he came before Dewey, he said that a boy that would do that to save his mother's picture, must have something in him worth while and say: "That is my picture of Mother."

I try to define for you patriotism. You bring me to some man whose face is scarred, who has an empty sleeve, and look into his marred face and say to me; "Here is a better definition of patriotism than you are giving." There are some things that must be demonstrated rather than explained. I read in this book that God is love, but let me stop at that. I have a very indefinite conception when I come to that matchless life yonder in glory. I hear Him saying: "He that has seen Me has seen the Father," also standing by the cross and bearing it, I understand then just what is meant when I read: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Standing there amid the gathering darkness, there is only one voice heard in whispering prayer. "Father forgive them;" then we come to know what real mercy and real forgiveness means. I want to speak a good word this afternoon for Christ. I am His messenger. All that I am in the world and all that I have comes from God. Sometimes, men, but not in the spirit of the Pharisee, I thank God that I am not as other men are. I picked up an old man the other day on the steps of my church. He was the most dirty, ragged specimen of a man you ever saw in your life. Dirt was on his face, in his hair, so that it was sickening to look at him. I said: "What are you doing?" "I am resting here for a minute." "Where is your home?" He said, "I haven't got any." "Don't you ever go to church?" "Years ago I used to be a Methodist class leader." I tried to do what I could for him. I wanted to do something. I thanked God that I was not as that wretched man.

I want to speak a good word this afternoon for my Lord. I want to tell you to watch his door. His door is the door to the troubled heart

Did you ever stand and watch the workers when a mill is letting out? Every man there, that is a man, is thinking about home and the sympathy and circle of affection; and for the man of business the day has its cares—he is tired in body and in mind. The day is over and he is going home. How he walks. A light is in the window, and as he comes near the open door the children hear him and come running to daddy, a kiss on their lips. When he gets inside he closes the door that shuts out the fret and care. Christ is the door for every troubled heart. He can hush the sigh; He can put an end to the discord and put music back into the life. He can bring the light of morning to the heart and change the darkness into light. He is the door to every troubled heart and to every doubting one, I mean the honest doubter. I haven't any sympathy whatever with the man who doubts simply because he doesn't know anything. He is a doubter and doesn't know what he doubts. The honest doubter—I know what that is—it is to pace for weeks solving some problem. I know what it is for weeks to question this old book. I know what it is to be in the grip of doubt. I mean the ones who go from church to church from creed to creed, from dogma to dogma and theory to theory. Like a man out in the plain caught in a driving snow storm; the road is covered; there is exertion that means fatigue. He presses on and by and by there comes the numbness in his extremity to take the fatal rest. And then there comes up out of the storm a light from a cottage window. He runs, strikes the door and it opens and he falls in as one dead but he is safe from the storm. But that man who goes from theory to theory, from doubt to doubt, from church to church looking for the thing that will minister to his manhood, when he catches a glimpse of Christ, he knows he has found the best and divinest and truest way.

I remember one night in Brooklyn some five or six years ago. I was over there to spend Sunday with some friends and was to meet them on Fulton street. I was looking for these friends. It was many years since I had been in New York and did not know New York from Brooklyn. The one time before that I had passed through that city was as an immigrant boy and I was coming back as a Methodist preacher. I was coming back with a college diploma in my pocket. Ah! I said, this is a great country, it gives any honest chap a chance who wants to use it. I was looking for my friends in New York instead of Brooklyn. I knew where to get out at the Brooklyn Bridge. After tramping for three-quarters of an hour, I started for Benson-hurst. Some chap put me off at the wrong place, two or three blocks through the snow instead of Benson-hurst, I got off at Bath Beach I had become weary and was cold and hungry. I felt alone and was homesick. I came to a place, knocked and asked for my friends, then started on again and finally I came to the door. I rang the bell, a kind-hearted woman came and said: "Who are you, are you the preacher?" I said, "yes." "Come in, child, out of the storm." I went in to the shelter of that home. A year and a half afterward I stood by the casket of that good woman, my heart aching as it will hardly ache perhaps when I pass the casket in which my own mother will be sleeping. As I passed that casket I thought of the winter's night when she said to me, "Come in, child;" and I sort of hope that if we are to be admitted into the eternal kingdom, she will be there and will say to me, "Come in, child, come in, child," as on that winter's night.

Christ is the door to every doubting one and He is the door to the wanderer—the lad who had wandered away and growing wearied of wandering and uncertain whether to come back or not. When he comes back he will find the door still open. An old man said to me in Camp Hill, near Harrisburg, he said, "Mr. Edwards, if I could only hear from my boy." I said, "Where is he?" "I do not know, he went into the army, I have written to Washington, I have written everywhere, but I cannot find him anywhere. If he only would come back." No matter when he would come that boy would have found an open door, and a girl that has wandered out into the midnight, there is a door that is kept open for her by the love of the mother's heart, and what these homes are to the penitent ones, the Christ is to the worst of us.

There is a fine story told by John Watson, "Ian Maclaren," in "Bonny Briar Bush." The story of Flora Campbell, her going away from home to London. Her name had been stricken by the old Scotch father from the family Bible. Margaret coming in, had pleaded for her in the name of her old mother. At last Laughlin Campbell consented that Margaret might write for her to come back. She did and Flora comes back. As she comes to the glen in Scotland, she remembers for the first time the letter had been written, not by her father, but by Margaret, but as she hesitates a carriage comes along and she stoops in the bushes; as it goes by she hears one of her old schoolmates singing that old song of Bobby Burns, "Should Auld Acquaintance," and she comes out again and comes to a bend in the road and catches sight of the cottage. There is a light burning and for a minute she thinks maybe her father is sick, then it dawns upon her the light is in the window for her. She runs and reaches the house and the door, but there she falls; but the dogs that never cast off or forget are there and bidding her welcome; but before unconsciousness comes, she hears her father trembling to find the key; for the first time he cannot open the door quick enough and he is saying, "Flora," "Flora," "Flora." He is the door for the troubled heart—just once more He is the door for the troubled heart.

I was told this by a personal friend somewhere up the State: There was a fellow, lawyer he was, but through drunkenness he had fallen until he was simply a loafer around the stable. I do not know you men here this afternoon; you are strangers to me, I do not know whether when I am telling this story, I am speaking to some one here who is a drinking man. I hope not. I would not be here this afternoon but for that. I would have been across the sea, I would have had the very best that English universities could have given, but for drink. As a boy of twelve years, I stood beside my Father's grave with no more regret or sorrow in my heart than I would have standing by the grave of the greatest stranger. He meant no more to me than any stranger and but for a good-hearted mother, who wanted at least one thing should be kept from the name her boy should bear, he would be sleeping this night in some Potter's field, buried from the poor house; yet he was as brilliant as any man here this afternoon and the only thing that I ever remember from his lips was this: "My boy, promise me that you won't drink." That promise was asked by a drunken father of his boy.

There was a man in my congregation this morning. He comes nearly every Sunday morning. I am afraid that one of these days that brilliant chap will be a victim of drunkenness. It can do so much. This good man here beside me was right this afternoon when he told you the world will cast you off. I have buried many a man who had to be buried by the Charity of my Church, whose manhood and everything had been taken from him through his drunkenness. God, hurry that day when the guilty will curse God! That is what I say. What do you say? Here was this chap who had become a loafer around a livery stable. They called him Jack the Hitching Post. There came to that town a Methodist minister who had an interest in Jack. When his meetings came on, he asked Jack to come—had to dress him first. He knelt at the altar, was converted and the people said; "We don't want stuff like that, it will hurt our church." Years went by and the minister had become a bishop. A conference was being held in that place and he was being entertained by a judge of the court. That evening, sitting in the library, this bishop became reminiscent and said to the judge, "I used to be a minister in this town and there was a fellow I once was interested in, they called him Jack the Hitching Post. Do you know what has become of him? I never heard a word about him since I left." Standing to his feet with great tears running down his cheeks, that judge said, "I am Jack the Hitching Post."

I want to tell you as a last word this afternoon that Christ is the door to the very best that is in life. That redemption and redeemed manhood, that stands straight and strong and true and God-like—that is redemption—and Christ is its door."

HULMEVILLE'S WEEKLY BUDGET

Mrs. Cyrus Smith spent last Thursday in Trenton.

Mrs. Charles Haefner was a recent visitor in Trenton.

Miss Ethel Douglass spent Saturday and Sunday in Trenton.

Mrs. A. J. Brown was visiting in Philadelphia on Friday.

Charles Reed, of Olney, spent Sunday with Fred Williams.

Wallace Flowers was visiting Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Smith last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirk MacCorkle, of Oak Lane, spent Sunday with Mrs. Laura Kirk.

Charles MacCorkle and Miss Erda Schatt spent one day last week in Philadelphia.

The preacher for next Sunday morning at the M. E. Church will be Mr. Campbell.

Mrs. Florence Keen, of Germantown, was visiting Mrs. Harry Brown last Saturday.

A basket social will be held on the 22nd of February at the home of Mrs. William Harrison.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Henry and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. George Douglass.

Randall Carter, of Richboro, was the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Lillian Biles, one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Schlater, of Frankford, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs William Smith.

Mr. and Mrs Albert Hilborn, of Philadelphia, spent one day last week with Mrs. Isabella Hilborn.

Mrs. Martha Vansant, of near Fox Chase, was visiting Mr. and Mrs. James T. Vansant last Wednesday.

Mrs. Frank Bodine, of near Doylestown, was visiting Mrs. Amy Worthington and family last Wednesday.

Mrs. Deborah Flowers, of Trenton, spent last Saturday and Sunday with her sisters, Mrs. Harry Magill and Mrs. Cyrus Smith.

The business meeting of the Epworth League of the M. E. Church met at the home of Mrs. Horace Cox on Monday evening.

The Epworth League meeting of the M. E. Church will be led by Raymond Illick next Sunday evening. The topic will be "The True Dignity of Human Life"

Parkland.

L. Katzenberg is suffering from a severe cold.

Mrs. James B. Ferguson has been suffering with a very bad cold.

Dr. Kyle Rohrback has recovered from a severe attack of the grip.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Aschenbrand are spending some time in Philadelphia.

Miss Ella Haslam has returned from Philadelphia, where she has been visiting friends.

Mrs. Elizabeth Haslam is at present the guest of her neice, Mrs. Sarah Spencer, in Philadelphia.

After a long and severe illness, Miss Lily Miller passed to the higher life on Friday morning, February 4th.

E. H. Hunt and family, of Philadelphia, have leased and moved into Charles Richman's cottage on the public road.

Mrs. Elizabeth Dempsey, son and daughter, Horace and May Bellerby, have returned from a visit at the home of John Bellerby, in Newark, N. J.

Lyle Park and family, of Jenkintown, were recent guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William L. Park, on avenue A, in honor of the birthday anniversary of Oley Park.

The names of pupils who attended Parkland public school regularly for the month of January are as follows: Austin Jones, Earl Schock, Elizabeth Buckman, Lillian Jones, Stella Tetlow, Annie Jones and Marguerite Schock. Number of pupils enrolled, 26. Average attendance, 19.

Miss Elizabeth M. Fish attended four of the five sessions of the farmers' institute held at Pineville last week which was thought to be unusually fine and pronounced by the State speakers the best they had attended this season. At the last session on Tuesday evening the hall was crowded with people and many more were unable to gain entrance.

There was a good attendance at the Progressive Lyceum held at "Floral Heights" last Saturday afternoon, when a special session was held in commemoration of the forty-seventh anniversary of the founding of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, by Andrew Jackson Davis. Selections were read by the members from the many books written by the founder, who has lately passed to the great beyond, and a memorial service was also held in his honor.

Miss Annie Jones has recently started a club, the object of which is to raise money for the purchase of good books that the public school may have a circulating library. Nine books have already been secured—some by purchase and some the gift of friends. This is all very encouraging to the little folks as a nucleus of what may yet become a fine library, and it is hoped that it may receive the support so worthy an object deserves; either through contributions of money or books suitable for the young.

Epilepsy, Fits

"My son was cured of a very bad case of epilepsy with Dr. Miles' Nervine."

MRS. D. BAKER, Cleveland, O.

"My little daughter who was afflicted with St. Vitus' Dance is now entirely well after taking Dr. Miles' Nervine only four months."

MRS. C. G. BENNETT, Alma, Mich.

Epilepsy, Fits, St. Vitus' Dance and Spasms, are all nervous diseases. They have been cured in so many instances with Dr. Miles' Nervine that it is reasonable to conclude that it is almost sure to cure you. With nervous diseases of a severe type, persistent use has almost invariably resulted in a complete cure or lasting benefits, worth many times the cost of the remedy. The best evidence you can get of its merits is to write to those who have used it. Get a bottle from your druggist. Take it all according to directions, and if it does not benefit he will return your money.

Penns Manor.

Charles Louderback has recovered from an attack of tonsilitis.

Mr. and Mrs William Booth have been confined to the house with the grippe.

Freda and Edwin Greenlee are taking piano lessons of Miss Thompson, Trenton.

Miss Lidle Louderback was a recent guest of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Stout, Trenton.

Josephine and John R. Greenlee, Jr., were guests of Raymond B. Seidensticker on Monday.

Miss Jane Sterling is able to be about again, after being confined to the house with a severe cold.

Mr. and Mrs. George Baker entertained at tea last Sunday Rev. and Mrs. John Girton, of Trenton.

Rev. J. M. Hoelzer, of Trenton, was a guest of friends at "Lake View" on Friday of last week.

Schuyler C. Stokes was the guest of his brother, Watson Stokes and family, of Trenton, on Sunday last.

Mrs. Rush Ketcham, of Philadelphia, was the guest of her mother, Mrs. James Stinson, one day last week.

"Bible texts that help me," is the topic of the Christian Endeavor next Sunday evening, to be led by E. D. Seidensticker.

A meeting of the executive committee of C. E. Society was held at the home of John R. Greenlee on Wednesday of last week.

The following pupils of the Manor school were present every day during the month of January: Mary E. Ivins, Margaret Nutt, Grace L. Stirling, Raymond Gausline, Frank Leedom. Alice Wise missed one-half day. Robert Baker, Edwin Greenlee, Alfred Sterling missed one day.

There was a gathering of the White family at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Ivins on Monday of this week Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. James T. White, of Tullytown; Joseph and George White, of Fallsington, Misses Annie and Mary S. Palmer, of Woodsville, N. J., Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wurst and daughter, Mary, of Mocrestown, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. John R. Greenlee and Girton Greenlee, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Greenlee, Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Robinson, Edna and Charles Robinson, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. George B. Mershon and Joseph W. Mershon, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Ivins, Hector and Mary Ivins, of Penns Manor.

Cornwells.

Miss Emma Zighell is visiting friends in Downington.

Miss Beatrice Thompson is entertaining her nephew from Philadelphia.

We are glad to report that Mrs. Thorn is much improved after her recent illness.

Mrs. Martha MacIntosh spent Thursday and Friday of last week in Philadelphia.

Misses Julia and Nellie Tice, of Bristol, spent Sunday with their aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. John Banes.

Don't forget the chicken supper which will be held in the P. O. S. of A. hall, February 27th. Tickets, 25 cents.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Emery, of Trenton, was visiting the latter's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Hudson, Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Margaret Murray, of Cornwells, who has been at home for the past two weeks, has now returned to the home of her daughter, Mrs. Willard Hertzer, Cape May.

Harding B. Jones, formerly of this place, but who for the past few years has been living in Spokane, Washington, is visiting his mother, Mrs. John Vandegrift, of Cornwells.

Andalusia.

Mr. and Mrs. Roberts have returned to Andalusia.

Mrs. Langish had a serious fall last week and sprained her wrist so that it required medical attention.

We hear that Mr. White and his family are contemplating removal from Andalusia. Though not among our older inhabitants their departure will be a matter of regret to their friends.

A modification in the Lenten programme for the Chapel of the Redeemer is to this effect: The service announced for Thursdays in Lent will be held on Wednesdays instead, but at the same hour.

In a recent article on the German Emperor, who has lately celebrated his 51st birthday, we read that he too has joined the ranks of the total abstainers. A notable fact, if true, as we believe it to be.

The Lenten meetings of the Junior Auxiliary will be held in the Kindergarten room at 2.30 on Saturday afternoon. Lewis Walton will be present, as last year, to instruct the boys in minor carpentering, the art of "making things."

We desire to add two other Andalusia names to that given last week as, by virtue of their school standing, being exempt from the last term examinations at some of the city schools. Miss Lucy Darrah was thus exempt and Harvey Walton. The latter attended the Northeast Manual Training School on Lehigh avenue.

As our notes go to mail the young girls of Mrs. Dorrance Wright's class in the Chapel Sunday school are giving a "Bakery" in the kindergarten room, the proceeds of which will go to their class offering at the coming Easter. The idea originated with them and they have been very busily engaged in showing what mettle they are of in such an undertaking.

A large purchase of new books has arrived at the King Library and they will soon be on the shelves for giving out and as we hope for a delightful and profitable reading. A deposit of one dollar entitles anyone to a book, which will be given back with the return of the volume. This makes the Library actually free while yet it guarantees the safety of the book when out. Many readers keep the dollar on steady deposit, year after year. This membership, as at present construed, includes the family.

Some of our far away readers will no doubt be interested in a marriage which took place last week, February 2, at Holy Trinity Church, Philadelphia. It is that of Miss Frederica Smith, to Caleb J. Milne, 3d, both of Philadelphia. Mrs. Milne is the granddaughter of Jesse Smith, who lived for many years at his beautiful summer home, "Wyndlawn," on the Andalusia Pike. Her mother, Mrs. H. Cavalier Smith, removed with her family from there to Philadelphia afterwards and has long ceased to be identified with the old home save as a valued friend still to all who knew her here as such.

Leedom's Feed Prices.

Chicago Inspected, No. 2, White Oats, bushel,	.58
Best Yellow Corn, bushel,	.80
Cracked Corn and Indian, own make, cwt.,	1 60
Wheat Bran, including sacks, cwt.,	1.50

Victor Feed, Hay and other Feeds proportionally low. W. F. LEEDOM, 1-14-tf Bath street, Bristol.

DEDICATION OF NEW ARMORY

Reception and Military Ball a Brilliant Affair.

PETE GREAT DANCER

The County Seat Honey-combed with Politics and Many Conferences are Held.

Doylestown, February 9, 1909.

The greatest event in the past week, in fact for several years, the military reception and ball, following the dedication of the new armory of G. Company, Sixth Regiment, N. G. P., was held last Friday evening, and an immense success it was.

In the afternoon Doylestown Council, Senior Order of American Mechanics, presented the Company with a handsome new flag. President of Council, Harrison Wilson, an ex-captain of the company and a prominent member of the Mechanics, presided, making a neat little speech as he took his seat. He is the man who, at a request from Bristol that first came to Grundy from Doylestown, flopped over and deposed Wintyen as borough engineer. His flop at the eleventh hour is said to have been, and no one denies it, brought about under strict orders from headquarters as an organization measure.

J. Ralphus Freed, a young member of the bar, once upon a time a candidate for district attorney, made an eloquent and appropriate address and Comrade Andrew Bertles, post commander of Bodine Post, made the presentation speech. Andy made a good speech but the crowd of about four hundred people and his strange surroundings rattled him some, but he did well, very well. Captain Abel MacReynolds received the flag for the Company which marched out of the drill shed across the street and presented arms while Sergeant Raisner raised the flag. Bugler Kentopp played the salute to the colors and that part of the exercises terminated beautifully and happily.

DEDICATION EXERCISES.

Then came the dedicating exercises proper. In the absence of Governor Stuart, Lieutenant-Governor Murphy and Grundy, the brunt of the affair fell on Colonel James B. Coryell and Lieutenant Colonel Gibbons Gray Cornwell, who did very well. Grundy did his best to get Stuart, who said he couldn't come and then failed to get Murphy, who said he wouldn't come, so as there was no one there in his class Grundy refused to trot ahead by himself and sulked in his tent.

Captain McReynolds introduced Lieutenant Colonel Cornwell as the Presiding Officer and Colonel Cornwell made a very flowing and excellent address. Rev. Dr. Daniel MacKinnon, S. T. D., then pronounced the invocation and Colonel Coryell stepping into the breach made by the absence of the big guns, officially turned the new armory over to Company G. He threw quite a number of very handsome bouquets at Captain MacReynolds, all of which were fully justified and all of which brought forth applause. Senator Webster Grim, in a fine address, accepted the Armory for the Company.

RECEPTION AND BALL.

The military reception and ball in the evening was fine; true, there was but little military and less reception, but the ball part was what most of the people came for and they kept that end of it up until after two in the morning. Chairman Frank B. Swartzlander, of the general committee, sitting on the front steps and wishing he had it all to go over again, was the list of the first ball. Grundy was not there, failing to get any big guns he was not content to associate with pistols, but he bought two tickets. If he reads this article he may be surprised to know it, but he did buy two tickets, the money for them coming from the same source that provides for the wants of the Grundy Club here from free suppers down to "hoss and pepper" cards, for Grundy's county officials to amuse themselves with at the club.

In the absence of Grundy, somebody had to be there and see that no unfair advantage was taken of him, so Elwood W. Minster, "Pete," donned his flicker-tail and came up to the County Seat to represent the big boss and give some good advice as to the election of the Grundy men on the Doylestown borough and township tickets.

PETE DANCED AND ATE.

And maybe Pete can't dance. It doesn't make a speck of difference to him, waltz or two-step, barn dance or lancers. All look good to Pete and the ball hardly had time to get a good, fair start before Pete needed another collar. The only fly in the ointment was that Grundy was not there to see his favorite henchman swing the fair ones of the County Seat—matron, widow and maid, in the mazy dance. Pete was right in it, not only in the dance but in the supper room, where he did yeoman service and was ready to come again every time he emptied his plate. Quite a number of Bristolians were at the ball, among them: Franklin Gilkeson, Esq., Miss Harriet Leech, Dr. and Mrs. LeCompte, Horace Swain. A number of tickets were sent to Bristol to be sold and all of the Bristol people bought from that lot except Mr. Grundy.

CLEARED $400.

At the closing meeting of the general committee, after all bills were paid, it was found that there would be the handsome sum of four hundred dollars to turn over to the company to help them furnish the new building. As they already own a piano, billiard table, pool table, shuffleboard and basket ball outfit, the money will be largely devoted to furnishing and buying books for their library and other necessary articles for the other rooms.

BRISTOL LOST GAME.

The American Fire Company team of Bristol: Messrs. M. Heilings, M. Allen, B. Allen, R. Neal and E. Heilings lost a game of basket ball to the Doylestown A. C. by a score of 13 to 11, in a very fast and well played game, at the old armory last Thursday night. The Bristol boys were ahead at the end of the first half and were never beaten until the last goal was thrown. They are a fast playing, clever bunch and, most of all, they are gentlemen. There was no kicking, no rough house, but just good, straight basket ball. On their own floor they would probably win from the Doylestown team, who have been looking for a team that could make them go some. They found the first foemen worth while in Bristol and it is hoped here that another game will be arranged; if there is there will be a crowd at it and it ought to be a dandy game.

POLLOCK IN A QUANDRY.

Steward James Pollock of the County Home is experiencing some trouble in Doylestown township to make good his promise to Pete, for he is yet too small a politician to see Grundy personally and, anyhow, he is only a recent convert to the big boss' methods, to swing Doylestown township back into the Grundy columns. It turns out that his nominee for Justice of the Peace is also a postmaster and the two offices are incompatible. Now, if Pete only hadn't had that fall he would have told Jim that it wouldn't do at all, but Jim didn't know any better and is now in a quandry. Long and secret was the conference between Jim and Pete at the dedication of the new armory, sitting well back in the rear, with their heads close together, let us hope with no bad results. They talked over something but what it was they only know. Anyhow, Jim looked mighty serious when Pete got through with him and was quiet for ten minutes. At the opening of the armory ball, Jim kept close to Pete at first but Pete's pace was too fast for Jim so he had to be a "looker on in Venice."

PETE AND OSCAR CONFER.

Pete and Oscar held their confab in the Intelligencer office and Pete issued a ukase that Strathie at least must be elected, reminding Oscar that White, Strathie's running mate was already provided for in the office of Coroner. In considering Strathie's assets Oscar laid force in the fact that the ladies were all fond of him but Pete said "that's alright but it ain't politics, none of them women can vote," and then Oscar brightened up a little and bethought him of the Choral Union and its large membership. "Who are they?" said Pete, and when he was told he said, "Huh, a lot of squalling women, they can't vote. What you want to do is drop that and hustle around among the men. Get votes and get busy." They settled a course of procedure between them and when the conference broke up both assured of a complete success to be followed by another reception in the Grundy Club here, same man pays as paid last time and the time before.

GRAFT CHARGES.

The persistent charge of Councilmanic graft that has been going the rounds for several weeks is growing stronger and more open. It is now alleged that as soon as this election is over there will be a full and complete expose of "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain." Every effort will be made to hush it up but the people back of it have not been handled yet and they probably will not be now. Every candidate is working hard and the whole town is in a ferment that will only subside next Tuesday. There is plenty of hard feeling and some of it is of the kind that will last for many months after the election is over.

Bensalem.

Clarence Page, of Cornwells, was married last week in Wilmington.

Mrs. Sarah Vandegrift, of Eddington, was recently visiting friends in Bristol.

Miss Cora Althouse, of Perkasie, was visiting friends in Cornwells on Sunday.

Samuel Lewis and family, of Bridgewater, will move to Eddington in one of Lemuel Vandegrift's houses.

Mrs. Harry Vandegrift, of Bridgewater, has been spending several days visiting friends in Philadelphia.

John Murray, of Eddington, caught a skunk the other day in one of his traps, set for muskrats. It was of unusual size.

Frank Satterthwaite has been suffering from the grip for several days at his home in Bridgewater, but is now able to attend to his work again.

The cottage prayer meeting of the Eddington Presbyterian Church will be held this week at the home of Theodore Lippincott, of Cornwells.

One of our old neighbors, Fred Murray, formerly of Bridgewater, died at his home in Trenton of tuberculosis and was buried on Saturday. He leaves a widow and three children, besides two sisters and four brothers, who are well-known in this neighborhood.

Fallsington.

Edward Beans has gone to New Orleans.

David Satterthwaite is suffering with grip.

Frank Bendy and family have moved to Morrisville.

Miss Anna Watson, of Trenton, is the guest of Mrs. Charles Comfort.

Edward Foster, of Rhode Island, is visiting his cousin, Paulina Leigh.

Eva and Harper Atkinson, of Newtown, were recent guests at Dr. J. N. Richards.

Miss Paulina Leigh and Mrs. Albert Comfort visited friends in Bristol, on Saturday.

Several persons from the village attended the funeral of Grace L. Harper, of Yardley, on Friday.

Rev. Richard Osborne has charge of All Saints Church for a few weeks, until a resident clergyman can be appointed.

Mrs. Theresa Hogan, of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Eva Wildman, of Trenton, were recent guests at John T. Fish's.

Miss Edith Janney, of Penns Park, and William Ely, of Philadelphia, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ely.

Mrs. Mary Smith and son, Thomas, expect to spend the remaining winter months with her daughter, Mrs. Dunn, in Trenton.

Mrs. Benjamin Tomlinson, who recently bought the E. H. Headley property is having some improvements made to the house.

The mid-winter dance held in Library hall on Saturday evening was pronounced a very pleasant affair by those who participated in it. The platform was beautifully decorated with laurel and evergreen and small flags.

Brakeman Michael McTammany, of the West Morrisville yard, has invented a new set of hand signals and expects to introduce them in the railroad signal service. His friends claim they are a great improvement upon the signals now in use.

Quaker Oats is the world's food

Eaten in every country; eaten by infants, athletes, young and old. Recognized as the great strength builder. Delicious and economical.

Regular 10c packages; also family size packages. 32

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

TRAIN KILLS MAN AT MORRISVILLE

Victim Mangled Beyond Recognition. Sudden Death of Mrs. Stott and Other Morrisville News.

An unknown man was run over and mangled beyond recognition by a passenger train on the Pennsylvania Railroad Sunday evening near the Smith street tower.

It is supposed the man was walking along the tracks and was going toward Trenton when he met his death. The engineer of the train was unaware of the accident until he arrived in Trenton and blood was discovered on the wheels of the engine.

The body is so badly mutilated that Undertaker Morris and Deputy Coroner Rue, of Bristol, were unable to determine the nationality of the victim or his age.

The head was cut in pieces and the part left fastened to the body was mashed. A new shirt, which had never been worn, and some clean clothes were found lying near the dead man, but there were no papers or anything else that might help to identify him.

The body was removed to undertaker Morris' morgue to be kept several days awaiting identification.

Emma M. Stott, wife of Thomas Stott, died very suddenly Saturday afternoon at her home on Union street. At the time of her death her husband was driving a carriage at a funeral which was being held at Newtown, and her son was getting ready to drive the hearse at a funeral which was to take place in Morrisville. They were employed by undertaker Jesse Morris.

Mrs. Stott was about the house on Saturday as well as usual, when she was suddenly taken ill and expired in a few minutes. Death was due to heart disease, form which she has been suffering for a long time.

The funeral was held Tuesday afternoon. Besides her husband, Mrs. Stott is survived by three sons, Clarence and Elbert Stott, of Morrisville and Jerry Stott, of Trenton.

The funeral of Letitia Wright, widow of the late Mitchel Wright, took place Saturday afternoon from the residence of her son-in-law, Hugh Clark, on Moreau street.

Services were conducted at the house by the Rev. Robert Heatherington, of Philadelphia, formerly pastor of the M. E. Church here. Interment was made in Tullytown Cemetery.

Announcement has been made of the approaching wedding of Miss Grace V. Richards, a well-known Morrisville girl, to William Mason, the Morrisville baseball player. The wedding will take place on Wednesday, February 23. Miss Eva Richards, a sister of the prospective bride, will act as bridesmaid, while Charles Mason, of Philadelphia, a brother to the groom-to-be, will act as best man. The ceremony will be performed at the home of the bride on Mill street.

Eden.

Mrs. John Dignan was a recent visitor in Philadelphia.

Frederic Rumpf left on Saturday for a short business trip to Germany.

Mrs. William Overholt recently spent a few days with Mrs. William Shade.

Mr. and Mrs. James McDonald were week-end visitors with Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Gregg.

Henry Stockert, our milkman, has been unable to personally attend his business, owing to illness.

Frederic, the young son of William Rumpf, has been ill with pneumonia, but is now recovering.

During the recent cold spell, Mrs. Allen Vansant slipped on an icy walk, falling and breaking her wrist.

Rev. Maris Graves, of Philadelphia, and Miss Lella Patterson, of Morrisville are guests at the home of George E. Patterson.

The contract for the erection of Our Lady of Grace Church and rectory has been awarded to a Philadelphia contractor and the work will be started in a very short time.

Easy Victory for Cornwells.

The Cornwells basket ball team kept up their winning streak by defeating the Memorial team, of Philadelphia, by the score of 58 to 16, on last Thursday night.

The shooting and passing of the home team was the best seen on the floor this season.

Dugan, Jenks and Sheppard kept up a rapid fire of field goals that kept the scorer busy all during the forty minutes of play.

The second half was a regular slaughtering match and the visitors, in a vain attempt to stop the scoring, resorted to all the rough tactics they knew. Cornwells was leading at the end of the half by the score of 22 to 8. The line-up:

Cornwells	Positions	Memorial
Dugan	forward	W. Smith
Jenks	forward	Hunter
Sheppard	centre	S. Smith
Banes	guard	Fylnn
Knight	guard	Yost

Field goals—Sheppard, 12; Dugan, 10; Jenks, 6; Hunter, 3; S. Smith, 8; W. Smith, 1 Foul goals—Sheppard, 2; W. Smith, 2. Referee, Knettle.

The Cornwells second team defeated the Memorial second team by the score of 33 to 16.

Caught With the Scissors.

The forest service has turned 300 Angora goats loose in one of the western forest reserves to see whether or not they will be of value in keeping the weeds out of the fire breaks.

The announcement of the discovery of gold in the Adirondacks looks like a bad mistake on the part of the press agent. He should have waited until it was nearer the time for the season to begin.

Rheims wants to keep her leadership in the matter of aeroplane sensations and next fall plans to hold another aviation meet, the chief feature of which will be a sham battle between aeroplanes and dirigible balloons.

GO TO THE RESCUE.

Don't Wait till it's Too Late---Follow the Example of a Bristol Citizen.

Rescue the aching back.
If it keeps on aching, trouble comes.
Backache is kidney ache.
If you neglect the kidneys' warning,
Look out for urinary trouble—diabetes.

This Bristol citizen will show you how to go to the rescue.

Mrs. F. Randall, 527 Linden street, Bristol, Pa., says: "I think so highly of Doan's Kidney Pills that I never lose an oportunity to recommend them. I was afflicted with kidney trouble for years and I often had dizzy spells. Nothing brought me any permanent relief until I used Doan's Kidney Pills. They helped me at once and restored me to better health than I had enjoyed for years. I also wish to say that one of my sisters used Doan's Kidney Pills with great success."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50c. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Newtown.

Frank Potts is now clerk in Peter H. Morris' clothing store.

Miss Ellen Wolf, of Philadelphia, has been a guest of Miss Louisa Van Pelt.

Miss Jennie Davis, of Huntingdon Valley, spent Sunday with Miss Sara W. Hicks.

Jonas Fly, an aged citizen, is in poor health and unable to get out of the house.

R. Comly Wilson attended an agricultural meeting in Philadelphia two days last week.

Mrs. Thomas Thomson, of Ogontz, visited the family of William Eyre over the week-end.

Mrs. Elizabeth Greer is very ill with pneumonia with some improvement at this time.

Mrs. Leedom has sold her grocery business to the Chamberlin brothers, who have possession of the store.

Miss Elizabeth Chambers and Mrs. Fred LeRoy, of Tarrytown, N. Y., are at Hot Springs, West Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Hilborn and daughters, Edna and Marion, were visiting friends in Philadelphia on Saturday and Sunday.

John W. Keener is no longer superintendent of the Bucks County Electric Railway Company, as that office has been abolished.

William C. Davis, in his 82nd year, died on last Thursday night and was buried on Monday, at Wrightstown Friends burying ground.

Horace G. Reeder reports the sale for Frank Terry to John M. Berrell, of Lower Makefield, of a house and lot of seven acres in Edgewood, being a part of the premises lately bought by Frank Terry of Joseph Briggs. Possession to be given April 1st next.

Samuel T. Buckman died at his home last Wednesday night after a few days' illness. His funeral was held on Saturday afternoon, when a great many friends were in attendance. The services were conducted by Rev. T. J. Elms, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, to which the deceased belonged.

Word was received by the President of Bucks County Woman's Christian Temperance Union on Saturday, that Makefield Union had gained seventy-six new members in that union, procuring so many with the contest plan. It is an excellent way to work and many of the other unions are urged to take up the plan and still further rejoice the hearts of the workers.

The Friends Association held its regular monthly meeting on Wednesday evening in the meeting house. Prof. George H. Nutt gave a talk on Industrial studies and tool work in the public schools. Mrs. Sarah F. Cary gave a history of her boarding school she formerly had in Buckingham. The members gave Washington and Lincoln sentiments.

The teachers and directors' institute was held on Tuesday evening in the high school room, when the subject of school libraries was ably discussed by Captain William Wynkoop, Miss Denworth and George Walton, of George School. The meeting was enlivened by vocal solos by Mr. Hart, of Southampton high school, and Mr. Wolf, of Feasterville high school.

Oxford Valley.

Miss Edna Stradling spent the week-end at her home here.

C. E. leader for next Sunday evening is Miss Martha Stradling.

A valuable horse belonging to John Darrah, died of paralysis last Monday.

Mrs. Mame Wordin moved from Stony Hill to Palmyra, N. J., last week.

Mrs. C. Y. Stradling left for a visit in southern Lancaster county on Wednesday.

Miss Elsie Hustid resumed her duties as teacher of Edge Hill school on Tuesday morning.

There will be preaching in the chapel next Sunday afternoon at three o'clock by Rev. W. W. Sweet. Everybody is invited to this service.

TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

Edited by Bristol W. C. T. U.

Strict compliance with the anti-intoxicant rule of the Rapid Transit Company, of Philadelphia, was demanded in a circular letter issued to the employes by Mr. Kruger recently. The communication read:

"We want your co-operation in the more effective enforcement of our rules against the use of intoxicants by motormen and conductors.

"A man who works on a street car should never, on duty or off duty, be even slightly under the influence of liquor. A motorman who has been drinking, even if he reports in an apparently sober condition, may endanger the lives of hundreds of passengers.

"Heretofore, we have permitted drinking men to sign a pledge; we have given them 'another chance.' Many of these men prove to be backsliders, and it may be necessary to make a first offense of this kind cause for dismissal.

"There is also a rule against drinking in uniform. This rule must be more strictly regarded; it will be rigidly enforced against all offenders.

"Many 'grievances' come to us from or on behalf of men who have been dismissed for intoxication. This is one reason why this communication is issued. Such men will not be reinstated. Instead of pleas for drinking men we should have the support of the whole body of employes in our efforts to rid the system of such men. We also expect from all men who have the safety of passengers in their charge not only strict adherence to rules, but the practice of good habits at all times and under all conditions.

The statement that the Reading Coal and Iron Company has forbidden the fire bosses in its mines to frequent saloons under penalty of dismissal, adds another to the already long list of corporations which have demanded consistent sobriety on the part of employes holding responsible positions. In mining, as in railroads, there should be no room for the man who goes to his work under the influence of alcohol.

It is announced that employes of the railroads controlled by James J. Hill, who are known to indulge in the drinking habit, must either drop it or leave the service of these roads. This manner is in accordance with the course that has been adopted by many of the great transportation lines of the country. Human life is too precious a commodity to be entrusted to men whose nerves may be shaken or whose brains may be fuddled by alcohol. Railway wrecks, even when they do not involve slaughter and maiming, are costly affairs.

For these reasons common carriers are steadily increasing the stringency of their rules against the use of intoxicants by the men whose wages they pay. There seems to be no particular sentiment about this policy. It is not enforced in the name of higher morality, but as a measure of cold, plain, business sense. Nevertheless, there is ample ground for thinking that its extension is one of the most potent factors now operating to stamp out intemperance and promote sobriety in the United States.

A man at St. Joseph, Mo., says that he has at last succeeded in developing a breed of wingless chickens. They'll never be popular with boarding-house keepers.

LANGHORNE LOCALS

Samuel Kennedy, of New York, has been visiting relatives.

Miss Suthpin, of Morrisville, has been visiting Miss Margaret Ivins.

Mrs. Howard Marshall entertained the Friday evening card party last week.

Miss Cyrilla S. Frank, of Philadelphia, was a recent guest of Mrs. Henry Lovett.

Mrs. Gussie K. Milnor has returned from a several weeks visit to Fallsington and Morrisville.

The C. E. held a valentine social February, 8, at the home of Rev. and Mrs. William W. Sweet.

A meeting of the Methodist Brotherhood will be held in the church parlor this Friday evening.

Asher Bennett and Miss Bertha Bennett, of Trevose, were recent visitors at their Langhorne friends.

Monday morning the thermometer registered the lowest of the season, six degrees below and at some localities seven below.

Theodore F. Phillips' handsome residence, "Manorcroft," is for sale. Also the Ferdinand Keller property on Bellevue avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierson S. Fretz, of Wyncote, and Mr. and Mrs. Allen R. Mitchell, Sr., now spending the winter at the Gladstone, were among last week's visitors.

A number from here attended the reception given on Saturday afternoon from 4 to 6 o'clock, by Mrs. George Knorr Johnson and Miss Johnson at "The Aldine," Philadelphia.

The Langhorne Friends Association will meet February 18th at Sorosis Hall when an illustrated lecture will be given by Henry Wilbur about his trip to Europe last summer. Everyone welcome.

Mrs. Rebecca Duffield attended the funeral of her sister, Mrs. Mary E. Baum, of Paoli. The services were held at the Southampton Meeting house on Tuesday. Interment at Hulmeville cemetery.

At the sale on Monday of real estate of the late Sarah Garron by J. B. Stackhouse and Alfred Wildman, executors, the double house was purchased by Samuel Garron for $1200, the single house and lot by Joseph Garron for $1670.

The "Fire Laddies" scored a great success at their minstrels on Saturday evening, a crowded and appreciative house enjoying the witticisms, fancy dancing, choruses and local hits, especially. The watermelon quartette certainly made the mouth-organs speak in an eloquent manner; the double quartette pleased by their sweet melodies; some exceptionally pretty solos were also given, while the banjos, violins, bones and tambourines made a merry time for all. A little play, "The Census Taker," and the comedians were also appreciated. Thomas Gumper served as interlocutor. Owing to a large number of people holding tickets and not able to get admission and the general request for repetition, the entertainment will probably be repeated at an early date.

Newportville.

Mrs. O. C. Chapman has been on the sick list.

Joseph Fehn spent two days of last week visiting friends in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hanson spent Sunday visiting relatives at Bethayres, Pa.

The Union Sunday school will hold their second annual supper on February 19th.

The Board of Supervisors held their regular monthly meeting at the hotel on Saturday evening.

Dr. H. Fleckenstine attended the meeting of the Bucks County Medical Society at Newtown.

Christopher Myrley, of Wilmington, Del., was visiting Gottlieb Boehringer for a few days last week.

Mrs. Charles Dingee and Mrs. G. W. Anthony, of Burlington, N. J., spent Friday of last week visiting friends about town.

Dr. and Mrs. H. Fleckenstine attended the annual banquet of the Prudential Insurance Company's employes at Trenton, on Thursday of last week.

The friends of John Flum will be pleased to learn that he will remain a resident of our village. John changed his mind about moving to Wycombe.

Tullytown.

Harry L. Moon is seriously ill with congestion of the lungs. Milton Stroup is also quite ill with grip.

An examination of applicants for census enumerator took place at the public schoolhouse last Saturday, under the direction of Census Supervisor, A. B. Shoemaker.

Next Sunday will be observed in the M. E. Church here and at Emilie as Lincoln Anniversary Sunday. A special programme, entitled "Let My People," will be used.

An entertainment will be given in the Methodist Episcopal Church on Wednesday evening, February 23d. Popular musical and literary talent will take part in the programme.

At a recent meeting of the adult Bible class of the M. E. Church Sunday school, which now numbers nearly forty members, a constitution was adopted and the following officers elected: President, H. L. Moon; vice-presidents, Warner Wright and Mrs. Elmer Easthurn; secretary, F. B. Gillingham; assistant secretary, Miss Marion Walters; treasurer, Miss Bessie Specht; teacher, Rev. O. J. Randall. Membership, devotional, social, good literature and finance committees were also appointed. A cordial invitation is extended to all persons over sixteen years of age to unite with this class, which meets every Sunday afternoon at 2.30.

It is understood that Mayor Gaynor of New York is down on the "third degree" and has served notice on the police force that the practice has got to come to an end.



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Friday, Feb. 11, 1910.

A Bristol pastor, during the course of his sermon last Sunday evening, declared that there were two places where perfect harmony reigned last year—in the cemetery and the borough council chamber.

President Taft, in announcing the purpose of the administration in the proposed investigation of the trusts, declares that only "crooked" combinations will be probed, which announcement is immediately followed by a panic in Wall street.

Fights on distinguished Senators up for re-election seems to be contagious. Julius Cæsar Burrows, of Michigan, may be serving his last term. Senator Hale, of Maine, has a stiff fight on hand for re-election and Congressman Ben Butler has started a conflict for Senator Lodge's toga in Massachusetts. The retiring squad at Washington next year may be illustrious.

The Buffalo Times, in commenting upon the high price of living which followed on the heels of high tariff with the certainty with which the smoke of a cannon follows the flash, says "Instead of betting on your stomach in a match against cold storage, send men to Congress who will legislate away the tariff which is the parent of the robber brood that is filching your money." There's no use talking, the cold storage plant can outstay the "hunger strike."

Day before yesterday was Ash Wednesday, the beginning of Lent. In the Catholic churches during the early masses, the palms left over from Palm Sunday of last year were burned and the ashes were used to symbolize the creation of man. Good Friday will fall this year on March 25, and Easter Sunday, spoken of as the Sunday of Sundays, on the 27th. And in the meantime the period on the part of many of the adherents of the older churches, the Catholic, the Episcopal, the Lutheran and the Greek Church will be one of abstinence, prayer, self-denial, that in some measure the spirit of godliness may be attained.

It did not take Senator Penrose long to take the Pennsylvania Republican Congressional delegation to task when he heard that several of them were getting tired of Cannon, and proposed to vote against Uncle Joe at the next session (if they were re-elected.) Penrose called them together in caucus and gave them a good sound scolding and instructed the entire delegation to adopt a resolution setting forth their united confidence in Cannon and then the Senator delegated a committee of two to carry the message to the speaker. The spectacle of a Republican Congressman from this State thinking and acting for himself would be a rare subject for a moving picture show. Even that dyed-in-the wool gang organ, the Philadelphia Inquirer, in its disgust, let loose an editorial last week in which it severely scored the torpidity and listlessness of the Pennsylvania Congressmen.

As viewed from this side of the Atlantic Ocean the arguments used in the campaign of the English Unionist party for a protective tariff policy for England makes rather ridiculous the policy of the high protectionists in this country. The Unionist party demanded a protective tariff in order to stop the competition of American workmen. One of the spectacular features of the English campaign was the filling of empty store windows with imported American-made goods, all of which came into England free of duty. The public was invited by placard, to estimate how much British workmen got for making these American shoes, American furniture, etc. The argument was clinched by signs showing how many jobs would be given to British workmen at so much wages if all these American things were kept out by a protective tariff. Everywhere in various cities throughout England, we learn from English publications, appeals were made for protective tariff on the patriotic ground of supporting "home industries and employing home labor." All of which sounds like the political clap-trap we have heard so often in Bristol and elsewhere.

It is a beautiful sight to witness the great trusts and beneficiaries of the high tariff system wasting their substance and devoting their energies in behalf of the workingmen. It is to titter.

The big Democratic plurality in the election of the late Congressman DeArmond's successor, in the Sixth Missouri district, sufficiently confirms the prevalent opinion that in the middle West today the Republican party is in an exceedingly demoralized condition.

In the election last week C. C. Dickinson, the Democratic candidate, defeated his Republican opponent by 3611 plurality. Mr. DeArmond had been a "favorite son" for some eighteen years but he was never able to pile up such a plurality as distinguishes the victory of his comparatively obscure successor.

Some such outcome was feared by Republicans, for they sent a cabinet officer, the governor of Missouri and one or two congressmen to stir up party feeling. Congressman McKinlay's appeal for a member who would support the speaker, however, proves to have been peculiarly inept, although it leaves to Mr. Cannon and Mr. Taft an opportunity to dispute whether the rebuke was aimed at the speaker or the President. The insurgent movement, the president's tariff revision failure, the high cost of living, the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy have all contributed doubtless to the notable Republican slump which the 6th Missouri district has now recorded. It may be repeated that not since 1892 has the outlook for a Democratic House seemed so promising as it does today.

And this condition is due to the Republican administration, which has betrayed the people, repudiated its pledges, and befouled its principles.

A DEADLY COMPARISON.

It will be remembered that President Taft in his message to Congress stated, upon information supplied by Postmaster General Hitchcock, that in order to wipe out the huge postal deficit, the second-class mail rate of one cent a pound charged magazines should be increased. The President stated that it actually costs the government nine cents a pound to distribute newspapers and magazines through the mails, and at the present rate of only a cent a pound is, therefore, "little less than a subsidy."

The President in his message says nothing concerning the tons of seeds, the millions of speeches, pamphlets, etc., with which the Congressmen burden the mails, nor the big deficit caused by the free mail delivery of mail.

That there is something wrong in the manner in which the President estimates the postal deficit by charging it to the second class mail rate, it is only necessary to make a striking comparison. Canada is as large, if not larger than the United States. The population is sparse, which fact would make its postal expenses larger. But Canada does not permit the railroads to discriminate against the government in its charges. It does not give mail privileges to parliament members to send their laundry, typewriter machines, seeds and the like, free throughout the country at the expense of the mail service.

Canadian county papers circulate within a radius of 40 miles free of postage, and the rate beyond that distance is 400 per cent. cheaper than the United States—1-4 cent per pound, the same as Germany. They lead us in reading and intelligence, we beat them in bragging. And yet the Canadian postoffice shows a surplus. They do not legislate for votes there—but for efficiency.

At the 25th annual meeting of the American Tariff League, an organization maintained by the beneficiaries of the prohibition tariff system, held recently in New York, a resolution was adopted deprecating any further tariff agitation. Queer, isn't it?

"Crooked Woolen Schedule."

Springfield Republican.

The national association of wool manufacturers, in annual meeting at Boston, "deprecate that spirit of radicalism and exaggeration against which President Taft has recently protested as a menace to the welfare of the United States."

This is all very good, but the association goes on to protest that "the new tariff law deserves a fair and honest test in actual operation." Yet so far as the wool and woolen schedules go it is not a new tariff but an old one—not a tariff still to be tested, but one which has been fully tested and found wanting except in relation to the particular lines of the woolen manufacturing business in which President William Whitman of this association is engaged. And here is the trouble. It requires some nerve for men like Mr. Whitman to talk about "the new tariff law" and to demand for a "fair and honest test."

There would be far less agitation for further revision if these men had submitted to a fair and honest revision of their own crooked wool and woolens schedule. As it is, they may cry for peace, but they will get little of it.

High Time We Had It.

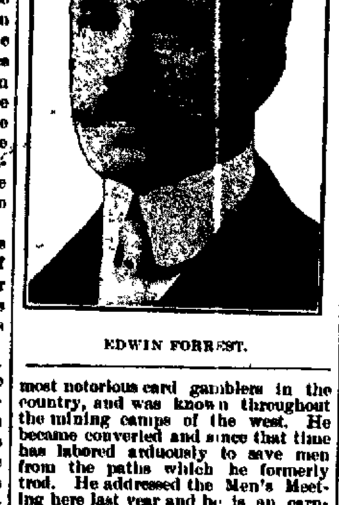
Los Angeles Herald.

Woman suffrage is one of the 20th-century problems, even as manhood suffrage was one of the 19th-century problems. It is easy to foresee the complete success of the movement all along the line. The only "reasons" which can be urged against it are sentimental reasons, and the sentiment is of the thinnest kind, at that.

For the sake of the speedy settlement of the social troubles of the United States, for the sake of the establishment of a square-deal principle in wage earning, for the sake of children who are being deprived of education, overworked and underfed, for the sake of the greatest good for the greatest number, for the sake of the American nation, if it is to endure, it is high time we had woman suffrage.

Ex-Gambler to Speak.

Edwin Forrest, superintendent of the Neuman Industrial Home, of Jersey City, the institution of which the late Harry Louderbough was president, will address the Men's Meeting at the Bristol Baptist Church next Sunday afternoon. "Ned" Forrest some years ago was one of the



EDWIN FORREST.

most notorious card gamblers in the country, and was known throughout the mining camps of the west. He became converted and since that time has labored arduously to save men from the paths which he formerly trod. He addressed the Men's Meeting here last year and he is an earnest, convincing and eloquent speaker. Miss Jennie Helm, of Philadelphia, will be the soloist.

Necktie Surprise Party at Emilie.

A pleasant necktie surprise party was given to Clarence T. Blinn, at his residence, Walnut Lawn, Emilie, on Saturday evening, February 5th, in honor of his nineteenth birthday, which was the previous day. Twenty-five handsome neckties and other presents were received.

A very delightful evening was spent in playing games and other amusements, after which a very palatable lunch was served. About 11.30 the guests departed, wishing him many more happy birthdays.

Those present were: Misses Ellen E. Wear, Lidie Wilson, Lidie Stephen, Edna J. Boos, Ida M. Lippincott, Lillian M. Wright, Marguerite Campbell, Anna Updyke, Gertrude Updyke, Bertha R. Archer, Abigail A. Randall and Mrs. Harry Wink, of Emilie; Miss Mattie R. Boos, of Philadelphia; and Mrs. Frederick J. Beck and daughter, Thelma, and Miss Helen Bresnahan, of Trenton; Messrs. W. W. Blinn, William Hillborn, Jr., T. Elias Praul, F. Earl Wright, Robert B. Cox, Thomas Morris, Harry Lovett, William Lovett, Alfred Brown, Willis W. Wink, Jesse Smith, Benjamin Appenzeller, Frederick Campbell, of Emilie; Louis Harrison, Arthur Harrison, Edwin R. Blinn, Charles W. Blinn and Wesley Y. Blinn, of Trenton.

It is figured that a million and a quarter persons pass in and out of London each day.

Paris has fifteen aeroplane factories.

LOCAL NEWS ITEMS

Mrs. Mary Bahen has been spending the week with friends in New York and Brooklyn.

A class of five was confirmed by Bishop Whitaker at St. Pauls Church last Sunday evening.

Forrest Bailey, of Lowell, Mass., has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Bailey, Mulberry street.

The Sorosis of Langhorne was entertained by the Bristol Travel Club at the home of Mrs. John Dorrance last Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Noel Kennedy, Jr., of Philadelphia, are spending the week with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey E. Stoneback, Jefferson avenue.

At a meeting of the directors of the Bristol Cemetery Company held at Dr. Pursell's office on Monday evening the usual semi-annual dividend of three per cent was declared.

Frank Welk has the contract for removing the machinery, tanks, etc., from the old plant of the Artesian Ice Company to the new building in the course of erection in the Fourth ward.

Miss Margaret Flanders, of Burlington, and Miss Gertrude Vandegrift, of Philadelphia, have been visiting Miss Medora Leedom. Miss Leedom entertained in their honor on Saturday evening.

The supper given by the teachers and scholars of the Jefferson avenue building last Friday evening was a great success. One hundred and fifty dollars were cleared, which will go toward the purchasing of a piano.

Joshua Tomlinson, who sold his residence, 607 Radcliffe street, to V. V. Vansant, will move with his family about March 1st to Doylestown. He has rented the Mrs. Ella Hines Thomas property on west Court street.

John Williams, the faithful colored servant for many years in the office of the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, who died recently in Philadelphia, leaves a widow who is the daughter of the late Charles Johns, of Bristol, formerly sexton of St. James Church.

John Schmidt, known as "Yock," and Daniel O'Donnell, were arrested for drunkenness on Friday night by Officers Tice, McLaughlin and Bloodgood. In default of bail they were take to the county jail to await court trial. Schmidt obtained bail on Monday and was released.

Caroline, the three-a-half year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Malpas J. Ardrey, of Mulberry street, died last Thursday night at the Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia. A post-mortem examination was held and death was attributed to tubercular spinal meningitis. The funeral was held from the parents' residence on Monday afternoon. Dr. Burns had charge of the ceremony. Interment was made at the Bristol Cemetery.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES

PRESBYTERIAN.

Sunday services, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Dr. Burns will preach.
Sunday school, 2.30 p. m.
Christian Endeavor, 6.45.
Ladies Union and T. N. C. on Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.
Prayer meeting and Teachers' Training Class, Wednesday, 7.45 p. m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

S. W. Gehrett, pastor, will preach 10.30 a. m. and 7.45 p. m. Morning subject, "The Place of the Church in Civilization;" evening, "A Prosperous Young Man."
Sunday school, 2.00 p. m.
Epworth League, 6.45 p. m.
Class meetings, Sunday, 9.30 a. m.; Tuesday, 8.00 p. m.
Important Brotherhood meeting, Monday, 8.00 p. m.
Junior Epworth League, Wednesday, 4.00 p. m. Prayer meeting 8.00.

BAPTIST.

On Sunday morning the pastor, Rev. Johnston, will preach the first of a series of six sermons on the Lord's Prayer, his subject to be "Our Father."
Sunday school at 2 o'clock.
Men's Meeting at 4 o'clock to be addressed by Edwin Forrest, the ex-gambler. Miss Jennie Helm, of Philadelphia, soloist.
Mr. Forrest will occupy the pulpit in the evening.

ST. JAMES CHURCH.

Sunday, 10.30 a. m.
Sunday school, 2.30 p. m.
Evening, 7.30 p. m. Address by Rev. Nathaniel B. Girton. Rev. Arthur C. Allen, minister in charge.
Monday, February, 14th, 7.30 p. m. Chapter meeting of Daughters of the King.
Wednesday, February 16, 7.30 p. m., evening prayer. Address by Rev. H. M. Stuckert.
Thursday, 2 p. m., Mothers' meeting; 7.30 p. m., Young Women's Guild.
Friday, 7.30 p. m., choir rehearsal.
Saturday, 2.30 p. m., sewing school.

ST. PAULS' EPISCOPAL.

Services next Sunday will be as follows:
Morning prayer and sermon, 10.30.
Sunday school, 2.30 p. m.
Evening prayer and sermon.
Appointments for the week will be as follows:
Monday, Girls' Friendly Society, 8 p. m.; Boys' Club, 8 p. m.
Tuesday, Women's Guild at Mrs. Bostwick's, 3 p. m.
Wednesday evening, prayer and sermon, 8 p. m; Young men's club in Parish house, 8 p. m.
Thursday, Boys' Club, 8 p. m.
Friday, choir practice, 8 p. m.

EDDINGTON PRESBYTERIAN.

Sunday school with classes for all ages at 9.30 a. m.
Preaching service at 10.45. Sermon by the pastor, Rev. T. Clayton Welles.
Sunday evening service, topic, "Favored and Helpful Texts from the Bible;" Isaac Jones, leader.
Monday evening, monthly Christian Endeavor business meeting at the manse.
On Friday afternoon of next week the Women's Missionary Society will meet at the home of Miss Florence Stuckert, 502 Radcliffe street, Bristol. Tea will be served and the ladies are invited to remain for the cottage prayer meeting in the evening.

NEWPORTVILLE UNION CHRISTIAN LEAGUE.

Sunday school classes for all ages, 2.30 p. m.
Prayer and praise service led by Rev. T. C. Welles, 3.30 p. m.
Evening service, address by Rev. W. Van Horn, with special singing, 7.30 p. m.
Everybody invited to attend these services.
Friday, February 11, at the league building there will be a debate. Subject, "Is the pen mightier than the word?" All are welcome.
On Saturday evening, February 19, the second annual supper will be held at the league building and everybody is invited to help make this a success and help to build the church which has been so long needed in this little village. Come and see the greatest piece of missionary work of modern times. Teams will meet the 5.45 car from Bristol at Midway. Tickets can be had by applying at 552 Bath street, Bristol.
Tuesday evening, February 15, business meeting of the U. C. L. to be held at League building.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, price 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

POEMS WORTH READING

THE SEA HATE.

SOFT it sings in shining ripples, glad beneath the golden day,
With a laugh among the dune grass as it flings its jewel spray,
But I hate its smiles and whispers, for beneath the white, curled crests
Lies the great black heart of terror and the wrath that never rests.

Hidden from the blessed daylight, in its caves it heaves and throbs
With a dreadful, choking gurgle and a sound of dying sobs,
And the long, dark, trailing seaweed, lifted on its ebb and flow,
Is like hair of drowned women whelmed within the undertow.

Through the pale green dusks of twilight, from the rolling mystic line,
Comes a chant of fear and beauty, calling sweet to me and mine,
But I flee the siren music of the cruel luring flood,
For 'tis doom is in its message and the answer in my blood.
—London Daily News.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

UPON the barren sand
A single captive stood
Around him came, with bow and brand,
The red men of the wood.
Like him of old, his doom he hears,
Rock bound on ocean's rim—
The chieftain's daughter knelt in tears
And breathed a prayer for him

ABOVE his head in air
The savage war club swung.
The frantic girl in wild despair
Her arms about him flung
Then shook the warriors of the shade
Like leaves on aspen limb,
Subdued by that heroic maid
Who breathed a prayer for him.

"UNBIND him!" gasped the chief.
"Obey your king's decree!"
He kissed away her tears of grief
And set the captive free
'Tis ever thus when in life's storm
Hope's angel to man grows dim,
An angel kneels in woman's form
And breathes a prayer for him.
—George P. Morris.

THE CHRISTMAS GUEST.

COLD sweeps the wind in every hill and valley
Its kisses glaze the rivers and the sea
It drives its steeds through avenue and alley
And laughs to see the shivering people flee
Yet by the hearth fire glowing
The north wind shall not rest
Where glad hands are bestowing
Cheer for the Christmas guest

The country lads now heap each wooden manger
That every patient beast may have its fill
For once a stable held a princely Stranger,
And even a simple ox would think it ill
If on this night of glory
A shepherd should forget
The manger of the story
With silver radiance set

The world again awaits the light of ages,
The heavens are set as brilliant as of old,
When o'er Judea's hills the patient sages
Followed the path unto the shepherd's fold
Then on each spirit altar
Let votive tapers flame
And there with song and psalter
He praised the wondrous name

And so while love each human breast is cheering
Each heart shall be a lowly Bethlehem,
And each abode shall know that light endearing
As helping hands shall bring it home to them
Such simple glad oblation
The Saviour doth prefer
To rites and adoration
Or frankincense and myrrh

Good people all, wherever ye are dwelling
In crowded streets or on the lonely farm
Join in the Christmas message, sweetly swelling,
And make each home a haven bright and warm
For hearts, if true and lowly,
The manger cradles are,
Where comes the Child guest holy
With love, the guiding star
—Charles H Crandall

THE HICKORY LOG.

OH, helpless body of hickory tree,
What do I burn in burning thee?
Summers of sun, winters of snow,
Springs full of sap's resistless flow,
All past year's joys of garnered fruits
All this year's purposed buds and shoots,
Secrets of fields of upper air,
Secrets which stars and planets share,
Light of such smiles as broad skies fling,
Sound of such tunes as wild birds sing
Voices which told where gay birds dwelt,
Voices which told where lovers knelt—
Oh, strong, white body of hickory tree
How dare I burn all these in thee?
—Helen Hunt Jackson

THE ONE NIGHT STAND.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year
The fellow who discovered that
Was not, as you perhaps had guessed,
Conversing lightly through his hat.
No odds how loud is the encore,
How large are the bouquets you throw,
It will not come back to repeat
Again a portion of its show

It's worse than useless to forecast
Another Christmas for July,
As soon might one expect to see
The fat and stolid porkers fly
Around the calendar on wings
It doesn't, like a magpie, flit
It only comes at Christmas time,
So you should make the best of it.

It isn't like a telegram
It isn't like the summer tan
Or like a poor relation who
May come in on most any train.
It's much more like a man who has
A mortgage on your farm and soul,
Who comes around just once a year
To gather in his grudging toll

And maybe it is better so
As he who has to foot the bills
Thinks once a year is quite enough
For all the feathers and the frills,
And, sizing all its merits up,
It gives when seldom is the date
The stomach and the pocketbook
A season to recuperate
—Nashville American

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix forever
With a sweet emotion
Nothing in the world is single
All things, by a law divine,
In one another's being mingle
Why not I with thine?
—Shelley

DO THEY THINK OF ME AT HOME?

DO they think of me at home—
Do they ever think of me—
I who shared their every grief,
I who mingled in their glee?
Are their hearts grown cold and strange
To the one now doomed to roam?
I would give the world to know—
Do they think of me at home?
I would give the world to know—
Do they think of me at home?

Do they think of me at eve,
Of the songs I used to sing?
Is the harp I struck untouched?
Does a stranger wake the string?
Will no kind, forgiving word
Come across the raging foam?
Shall I never cease to sigh.
Do they think of me at home?
Shall I never cease to sigh,
Do they think of me at home?

Do they think of how I loved
In my happy early days?
Do they think of him who came,
But could never win their praise?
I am happy by his side,
And from mine he'll never roam,
But my heart will sadly ask,
Do they think of me at home?
But my heart will sadly ask,
Do they think of me at home?
—J. E. Carpenter

THE IMMORTAL PART.

THE soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age and nature sink in years
But thou shall flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds.
—Joseph Addison.

A VERSE FOR TODAY.

TODAY is the time for laughter,
Tomorrow the time for tears,
Whatever may come hereafter,
Whatever of woe with years,
Today is the time to borrow
The best that the gods can give.
We can sorrow, if need be, tomorrow,
But today is the time to live.
—Home Notes.

Any of the Following Articles For 10 Cents:

Ladies' Black Hosiery,	all sizes,	10c
Children's Stockings,	all sizes,	10c
Extra Size Hand Towels,		10c
Ribbon, No. 40, all colors, yd.,		10c
Outing Flannel Dress Goods in Plaids and Heavy Cotton Flannel, per yard,		10c
Men's Black Half Hose, pair,		10c
Children's Petticoats,	Outing Flannel,	10c
Ladies' Short White Aprons,		10c

R. R. Pearson, 310 Mill Street

PHONE 172-L.

CIGARS

in all the popular brands and shapes and at reasonable prices. Also a full line of pipes, tobaccos, cigarettes, etc., constantly on hand.

SPORTING GOODS

consisting of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Air Guns, Ammunition, Coats, Vests, Caps, etc.

C. C. STRUMFELS

311 MILL STREET, BRISTOL, PA.

LaPolla Brothers



THE THREE LITTLE TAILORS OF BRISTOL

215 Mill Street

Everything is advancing but

Our Low Prices Still Prevail.

We make Suits cheap, (not cheap suits,) quality, fit, style and workmanship guaranteed.

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS

in a great variety of newest patterns,

$15.00 UP.

CHICKENS

FOR SALE

AT ALL TIMES

20 Cents a Pound

CHAS. CANNON,

Bath street, near Otter 1 21-tf

WE ARE THE STANDARD.

N. W. WEST Prop's. J. W. FOY

Philantropic Cementing Co.

Curbs, Sidewalks, Steps, Cellars and Concrete Foundations our Specialty

Office, 737 Spruce Street, Bristol, Pa.

Phone 152-Y 1-7-1y

"CLEAN 'EM OUT"

SHOE SALE.

The Shoes have merit—there's Goodness.
The prices are low—that's Gracious.
GOODNESS, GRACIOUS, what more do you want?

This sale has been successful all the way through The reason is this: Every shoe is at a reduced price—the stock is new and there are plenty of sizes.

Come Now While we Have Your Size

All our Men's and Women's	$4.00	Shoes now	$3.40
All our Men's and Women's	$3.50	Shoes now	$2.90
All our Men's and Women's	$3.00	Shoes now	$2.40

Corresponding reductions on Children's Shoes, and 20 per cent off the famous EDUCATOR SHOES for Children.

Look in our window. It will show you more than we can tell you.

Brown's Shoe Store

129 Radcliffe Street.

BRISTOL, PA.

Try a Gazette Ad

We Are All Chasing The Dollar These Days



But it is a fact that, when quality of goods is considered, a dollar will go further at our store than at many other places. We aim to give the best for the least money at all times. In making up these advertisements for special sales we figure our profits down to the very scantiest margin, and frequently wipe out the margin of profit altogether, in order to get you in the habit of trading with us. And again, we are frequently fortunate in making purchases at exceptionally low prices and then we give you the benefit by selling at the lower rate. Make your dollars go further BY DEALING AT HORN'S.

GEO. L. HORN MEATS

FREE YELLOW STAMPS

The stamps that bring you the most beautiful and most valuable premiums without cost.

Double Stamps Friday and Saturday.

PILLSBURY'S BEST FLOUR

24 1-2 lb. bag, 88c.

Dried Lima Beans

12c qt.

Fine Granulated Indian Meal

Makes elegant mush,

3c lb.

Loose Oatmeal

New crop,

4c lb.

Mothers' Oats

9c box.

Buckwheat

Grown in this county and ground in old-fashioned mill and not mixed with middlings.

Florida Oranges

Sweet, juicy, ripe fruit,

25c doz.

Oranges

California Navel

30c doz.

New York Apples

Baldwins and Greenings

30c half peck.

Cider Apples, 20c half peck.

THESE ARE A FEW OF OUR ATTRACTIVE OFFERS UNTIL NEXT TUESDAY'S CLOSING:

KING MIDAS

The Highest Priced Flour in America

AND WORTH ALL IT COSTS.

There is a big difference in the cost of high living and "living high." KING MIDAS FLOUR costs more—simply because it costs more to make and because it makes more and better bread than any other brand of flour known.

12 Pound Sack,	$ .50
24 Pound Sack,	1.00
By the Barrel,	8 00

Babbitt's 1776 Washing Powder

You know this famous washing powder is always sold everywhere at five cents the package. We make a special price of

2 Packages for Five Cents.

100 Yellow Stamps Free

With 1 lb. 30c Coffee

or

1 lb. of English Breakfast Tea, 35c

Try where you will you will not match this bargain in English Breakfast Tea. Quality guaranteed to your satisfaction or it may be returned at our expense.

The Inside of Canned Goods.

Canned goods look pretty much all alike on the outside. The tins on the shelves look all about the same to the customer outside the counter. But INSIDE the tins! THAT'S the part you EAT. Did you ever stop to think what a difference there might be in the selecting, preparing, cleaning and preserving or cooling of the fruits and vegetables that go INSIDE these cans? No doubt you have. WE have, too. And we don't buy canned goods according to the way the tins look; pretty pictures on the cans don't influence us for a minute. Neither do the bigger profits made by handling inferior goods. We buy only the purest known canned goods from those high grade canners with proven reputations for care and cleanliness.

Finest Tomatoes, String Beans, Corn, Lima Beans and Peas

3 Cans For Twenty-five Cents.

Fish for the Lenten Season.

Mackerel, Smoked Herring, Kippered Herring, Codfish, Sardines, Salmon, Shrimp, Lobster, Soused Kippered Herring, and Fresh Cod and Smelts.

HORN'S

241-43 MILL ST., BRISTOL

GEO. L. HORN GROCERIES

Your Money

Should buy the best, AND IT WILL, if you trade at this market, as we sell only the very highest quality of Meats, Poultry and Provisions. It would be just as easy for us to sell cheaper grades at the same prices, but it is not our way of doing business. It takes too many years to build up a business and a good reputation to shatter it for the gain of a few pennies. Order a Chop, Steak or Roast and see how good it will be.

Butter

New York State Butter, equal to the best,

37c lb.

Evaporated Apples

Blue ribbon, choicest northern grown,

12c lb.

Pears

Fancy California fruit; large 3 lb. can,

10c.

New Hominy

The kind you used to eat,

4c lb.

Fruit Jams

Assorted flavors, in glass tumblers,

9c.

Tumblers worth 2c.

California Prunes

Meaty, thin-skinned, new fruit,

10c lb.

Winter Soup Beans

10c qt.

Good bakers.

Best Rice

Clean, good and nourishing,

9c; 3 lbs., 25c.

...popul... and the County Gaz...

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

AT THE BRISTOL POSTOFFICE.

PHILADELPHIA AND THE WEST

Arrive—...a. m. 2.00 noon, 4.00 and 7... p. m.
Depart—7.15, 8.15, 10.00 and 11.30 a. m. 1... 2.15, 5.30 and 6.40 p. m.

NEW YORK, BELVIDERE DIVISION AND THE EAST.

Arrive—7.11 and 9.30 a. m. 2.00 and 7.30 p. m.
Depart—6.10 and 11.20 a. m., 5.15, 6.15 and 6... p. m.

EMILIE, OXFORD AND WOODBOURNE

Arrive—9.55 a. m. Depart—12.15 p. m.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

W. L. Kolb is on a voyage to the Straits of Magellan.

The wool sorters returned to work at Steel's mill on Tuesday.

Mrs. Harry Louderbough, of Jersey City, is visiting her sister, Mrs. T. F. Downing.

Lyndall Acker has sold his farm in the township and will move to 4.. Washington street.

Miss Elizabeth Chambers was home from the West Chester State Normal School over Sunday.

The thermometer registered two degrees below zero on Monday morning, the coldest day of the year.

The stork visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ira Wiltshire, Maple street, this week and left a little boy.

Prof. Francis Green, of West Chester, will deliver a public lecture at the Baptist Church on March 1st.

Mrs. Champion, Washington street, will leave Bristol on Monday for Canada, where she will reside in the future.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Hatzell are at Atlantic City. Mr. Hatzell is convalescent after an attack of pneumonia.

A marriage license has been granted to Alexander McCuskey, of Bristol and Helen Marie Powers, of New York City.

Mrs. John Gowie fell down the cellar stairs at her home on Jefferson avenue on Tuesday afternoon and was severely bruised.

Christopher Flowers, of Philadelphia, visited James Bosler, Dorrance street, on Wednesday. Mr. Bosler, who has been very ill, is improving.

The "Bachelors" are coming to town under the auspices of the Ladies Union of the Presbyterian Church. Watch for the date.

The entertainment which was to be given by the Presbyterian choir this evening, has been postponed until Friday, February 25.

Last Saturday Howard R. Thorn... held an examination of twenty applicants for positions as census enumerators, representing districts south of Newtown.

Joseph Bock, Washington street, is at the Jefferson Hospital, Philadelphia, undergoing treatment for his foot, which he has had in a plaster cast for nearly a year.

Tomorrow being Lincoln's Birthday, the banks will be closed. The postoffice will close at ten o'clock, a. m., but will re-open again at seven o'clock in the evening.

The W. C. T. U. will hold a Frances E. Willard memorial meeting at the home of Mrs. Manger, 307 Otter street, on Wednesday afternoon, February 16th, at 3.30 o'clock.

Don't forget the dinner to be given next Thursday evening under the auspices of the stewardesses of the Bethel A. M. E. Church at the residence of Mrs. Williflie, 911 Radcliffe street.

Joseph A. Burns, age 23 years, died at his home, 916 Cedar street, on Wednesday morning of last week of acute tuberculosis. The funeral was held on Monday. Interment at St. Marks Cemetery.

Mrs. Martha W. Jackson, aged 58 years, died in Bensalem township, on Thursday of last week of consumption of the lungs. The body was shipped to Elwood City, Lawrence county, Pa., for interment.

A birthday party was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Scheffey last Saturday evening in honor of their daughter, Lucy's, birthday anniversary. Games were played and a luncheon was served.

During the Lenten season services are held at St. Marks Church every Wednesday and Friday evenings at 8 o'clock, at which the sermon will be preached by a priest from the Holy Ghost College, Cornwells.

The High School Alumni Association will give a dance in Pythian Hall next Thursday evening. The proceeds will go to the fund for the entertainment of this year's graduating class at commencement time.

The teachers of the Jefferson avenue school wish to heartily thank all the people who so generously contributed and so willingly gave their services to make the supper given at the school last week such a complete success.

J. Edward Lovett, real estate broker, has sold for Charlotte A. Hoelling, the property at 547 Locust street, Bristol, to William P. Yeagle, for $1,850. Mr. Lovett has also rented for A. J. Hibbs the property at 120 Mifflin street to Sallie Severns.

Joseph Durkin has sold the property at the corner of Dorrance and Wood streets, now occupied by John D. Saller, to Theodore Gratz, the Mill street baker. Mr. Gratz will remodel the place suitable to the demands of an up-to-date bakery with steam oven.

Pictures of Mrs. Earl Stetson Hood and her sister, Miss Winifred Dorrance, who participated in the Bachelors' Bal Masque at Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, on Tuesday, were printed in costumes in the Inquirer on Wednesday. Mrs. Hood represented a typical ballet girl and Miss Dorrance the "Dollar Princess."

Among the Bristolians who attended the military ball and reception at the new Doylestown armory last Friday night were Postmaster and Mrs. E. W. Minster, Dr. and Mrs. W. C. LeCompte, Miss Harriet R. Leech, Miss Louise Swain, William P. McCoy, Horace Swain, Howard I. James and Franklin Gilkeson.

The oyster supper given by Mrs. James Stephenson in the Parish House of St. Pauls Church for the benefit of the building fund on last Tuesday evening was a success, and Mrs. Stephenson desires to extend to those who assisted her in making the supper such a pleasant occasion, her most hearty thanks, and also to all those who patronized it.

One of the finest social functions of the season was the reception and dance given in St. Marks Hall on last Thursday evening by their lady friends to the members of Bristol Council, No. 906, Knights of Columbus. The hall was beautifully decorated and an orchestra of six pieces furnished music for dancing. Refreshments were served in abundance throughout the evening.

There will be "something doing" at No. 5 hall on next Tuesday evening, February 15th, when the St. Marks Parochial School and Keystone teams play the second game of the series of basketball. As the Keystone won the first game the St. Marks boys are out to win this one. Both teams will have their strongest line-ups and there is sure to be a big crowd present. There will also be a fast preliminary game. Admission, 10 cents.

William Hellings, of Wood street, was given a surprise last week which has caused much amusement among those who learned of the circumstance. Mr. Hellings had delivered to his home an order of groceries. Among the packages was a guaranteed tender steak. In emptying the basket of edibles Mr. Hellings was surprised to find nestling close to the meat package a pair of false teeth, which is considered a suggestive circumstance.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

EM OUT"

SALE.

...Goodness, ...ions, ...what more do you want?

...the way through ...at a reduced price— ...plenty of sizes.

...e Have Your Size

.00	Shoes now	$3.40
.50	Shoes now	$2.90
.00	Shoes now	$2.40

...Children's Shoes, and EDUCATOR SHOES

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...hoe Store

...te Street.

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...se Days

...ffered, a dollar ...ces. We aim ...In making up ...r profits down ...ut the margin ...bit of trading ...n making pur... ...e you the ben... ...rs go further

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Arrival and Departure of Mails.

...BRISTOL POSTOFFICE.

PHILADELPHIA AND THE WEST.

Arrive—...a. m., 12.00 noon, 4.00 and 7.30 p. m.
Depart—5.45, 8.45, 10.00 and 11.20 a. m., 1.30, 2.40, 5.20 and 6.40 p. m.

NEW YORK, BELVIDERE DIVISION AND THE EAST.

Arrive—7.30 and 9.10 a. m., 2.00 and 7.30 p. m.
Depart—...and 11.20 a. m., 4.15, 6.15 and 6.10 p. m.

EMILIE, OXFORD AND WOODBOURNE.
Arrive—6.55 a. m. Depart—12.15 p. m.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

W. L. Kolb is on a voyage to the Straits of Magellan.

The wool sorters returned to work at Steel's mill on Tuesday.

Mrs. Harry Louderbough, of Jersey City, is visiting her sister, Mrs. T. F. Downing.

Lyndall Acker has sold his farm in the township and will move to 411 Washington street.

Miss Elizabeth Chambers was home from the West Chester State Normal School over Sunday.

The thermometer registered two degrees below zero on Monday morning, the coldest day of the year.

The stork rested at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ira Wiltshire, Maple street, this week, and left a little boy.

Prof. Francis Green, of West Chester, will deliver a public lecture at the Baptist Church on March 1st.

Mrs. Champion, Washington street, will leave Bristol on Monday for Canada, where she will reside in the future.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Hatzell are at Atlantic City. Mr. Hatzell is convalescent after an attack of pneumonia.

A marriage license has been granted to Alexander McConkey, of Bristol, and Helen Marie Powers, of New York City.

Mrs. John Gowie fell down the cellar stairs at her home on Jefferson avenue on Tuesday afternoon and was severely bruised.

Christopher Flowers, of Philadelphia, visited James Bosler, Dorrance street, on Wednesday. Mr. Bosler, who has been very ill, is improving.

The "Bachelors" are coming to town under the auspices of the Ladies' Union of the Presbyterian Church. Watch for the date.

The entertainment which was to be given by the Presbyterian choir this evening, has been postponed until Friday, February 25.

Last Saturday Howard R. Thornton held an examination of twenty applicants for positions as census enumerators, representing districts north of Newtown.

Joseph Bock, Washington street, is at the Jefferson Hospital, Philadelphia, undergoing treatment for his foot, which he has had in a plaster cast for nearly a year.

Tomorrow being Lincoln's Birthday, the banks will be closed. The postoffice will close at ten o'clock, a. m., but will re-open again at seven o'clock in the evening.

The W. C. T. U. will hold a Frances E. Willard memorial meeting at the home of Mrs. Manger, 307 Otter street, on Wednesday afternoon, February 16th, at 3.30 o'clock.

Don't forget the dinner to be given next Thursday evening under the auspices of the stewardesses of the Bethel A. M. E. Church at the residence of Mrs. Wilhite, 911 Radcliffe street.

Joseph A. Burns, age 23 years, died at his home, 916 Cedar street, on Wednesday morning of last week of acute tuberculosis. The funeral was held on Monday. Interment at St. Marks Cemetery.

Mrs. Martha W. Jackson, aged 58 years, died in Bensalem township, on Thursday of last week of consumption of the lungs. The body was shipped to Elwood City, Lawrence county, Pa., for interment.

A birthday party was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Scheffey last Saturday evening in honor of their daughter, Lucy's, birthday anniversary. Games were played and a luncheon was served.

During the Lenten season services are held at St. Marks Church every Wednesday and Friday evenings at 8 o'clock, at which the sermon will be preached by a priest from the Holy Ghost College, Cornwells.

The High School Alumni Association will give a dance in Pythian Hall next Thursday evening. The proceeds will go to the fund for the entertainment of this year's graduating class at commencement time.

The teachers of the Jefferson avenue school wish to heartily thank all the people who so generously contributed and so willingly gave their services to make the supper given at the school last week such a complete success.

J. Edward Lovett, real estate broker, has sold for Charlotte A. Heeding, the property at 547 Locust street, Bristol, to William P. Yeagle, for $1,850. Mr. Lovett has also rented for A. J. Hibbs the property at 120 Mifflin street to Sallie Severns.

Joseph Durkin has sold the property at the corner of Dorrance and Wood streets, now occupied by John D. Sailer, to Theodore Gratz, the Mill street baker. Mr. Gratz will remodel the place suitable to the demands of an up-to-date bakery with steam oven.

Pictures of Mrs. Earl Stetson Hood and her sister, Miss Winifred Dorrance, who participated in the Bachelors' Bal Masque at Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, on Tuesday, were printed in costumes in the Inquirer on Wednesday. Mrs. Hood represented a typical ballet girl and Miss Dorrance the "Dollar Princess."

Among the Bristolians who attended the military ball and reception at the new Doylestown armory last Friday night were Postmaster and Mrs. E. W. Minster, Dr. and Mrs. W. C. LeCompte, Miss Harriet B. Leech, Miss Louise Swain, William P. McCoy, Horace Swain, Howard I. James and Franklin Gilkeson.

The oyster supper given by Mrs. James Stephenson in the Parish House of St. Pauls Church for the benefit of the building fund on last Tuesday evening was a success, and Mrs. Stephenson desires to extend to those who assisted her in making the supper such a pleasant occasion, her most hearty thanks, and also to all those who patronized it.

One of the finest social functions of the season was the reception and dance given in St. Marks Hall on last Thursday evening by their lady friends to the members of Bristol Council, No. 906, Knights of Columbus. The hall was beautifully decorated and an orchestra of six pieces furnished music for dancing. Refreshments were served in abundance throughout the evening.

There will be "something doing" at No. 5 hall on next Tuesday evening, February 15th, when the St. Marks Parochial School and Keystone teams play the second game of the series of basketball. As the Keystone won the first game the St. Marks boys are out to win this one. Both teams will have their strongest line-ups and there is sure to be a big crowd present. There will also be a fast preliminary game. Admission, 10 cents.

William Hellings, of Wood street, was given a surprise last week which has caused much amusement among those who learned of the circumstance. Mr. Hellings had delivered to his home an order of groceries. Among the packages was a guaranteed tender steak. In emptying the basket of edibles Mr. Hellings was surprised to find nestling close to the meat package a pair of false teeth, which is considered a suggestive circumstance.

COURIER FOREMAN DRIVEN FROM TOWN

Angry Residents Force Husband and Another Man's Wife to Leave Seashore Town.

Charles B. White, formerly of Bradley Beach, N. J., whom the editor of the Weekly Courier, of Bristol, recently announced had been engaged to act as foreman at the Courier printing establishment on Mill street, had an exciting experience last week according to press dispatches from Asbury Park on Monday.

White, who is a married man and has been living in Bristol for several weeks, was banished from Bradley Beach, last Friday, along with Mrs. Mary Matthews, the wife of Charles Matthews, a blacksmith.

White formerly published a newspaper at Bradley Beach and was vice-president of the Epworth League of the Methodist Church and a member of the choir. White sold out his newspaper, the Sea Coast News, and came to Bristol and obtained employment with the Courier.

EGGED AT THE STATION.

The press dispatch states that last Friday White telegraphed to Asbury Park that he was going there for a visit and the news got around town. When he got off the train there were several hundred men, women and children waiting to meet him. He tried to go to his wife, but the crowd warned him to get out of town at once if he wanted to escape a coat of tar and feathers.

When he started for the station somebody threw an egg at him. It was the signal for a fusillade and he was covered with eggs when he finally dodged into the railroad station and bought a ticket for Trenton Junction. The crowd entered the station, too, and to escape it White ran out and jumped on a trolley car going to North Asbury Park.

He got off there and went into a drug store, where he telephoned to Mrs. Bimbler, of Bradley Beach, and asked her to summon his wife, Ida. White said he wanted his wife to meet him at the North Asbury Station and go to Bristol with him, but Mrs. Bimbler would not get her, and finally White set off alone because somebody told him that the crowd was coming back.

White came on to Bristol and afterward his wife joined him here.

MATTHEWS WOMAN THREATENED.

The crowd of indignant citizens who compelled White to leave the seashore town last Friday, after it had accomplished that act appointed a committee which waited on Mrs. Matthews told her she must pack up and get away. She protested, but the committee accompanied her to the station and saw that she left.

Later Mrs. Matthews returned to her husband and after driving White out of town the second time the crowd started for the Matthews home. The blacksmith came to the door and pleaded that his wife be permitted to stay. He said he had forgiven her. Mrs. Matthews is said to be but 19 years old.

White's wife is a respected member of the Methodist church.

Enormous Appetites.

The following is by the Bristol correspondent of the Doylestown Democrat: "The supper given at Pythian Hall by the Business Men's Association on Thursday evening last was largely attended. Some criticism has been heard, however, of the enormous appetites of the first-comers at the feast. The first one hundred guests who sat down at the tables managed to get away with ten enormous roast turkeys, with "fixins," besides 250 blocks of ice cream, numerous cakes and other delicacies. In consequence those who were late were left.

"One lady who sat at the first table is credited with having got away with three large slices of white meat and two 'drum sticks.' Possibly these people had joined the meat boycotters and were simply filling a long felt want."

Bristol's First Poultry Show.

All preparations have been made for the holding of the first exhibition of the Bristol Poultry and Pet Stock Association on Saturday of this week, February 12, at the headquarters of America Hose, Hook and Ladder Company, No. 2.

Entries have been made in the poultry section of 164 chickens, 104 single entries and 12 pens. There have also been 37 pigeon entries.

The following list of prizes has been handed us:

A Mangy Lee, fireless brooder for the largest number of entries (fowls) by J. F. LeBrouse, Philadelphia; a Norwich automatic exerciser and feeder for the second largest number of entries (fowls), H. F. Michel Co., Philadelphia; twenty-five Bessie Kenton ten cent cigars, for the third largest number of entries (fowls), Emlen Martin, druggist, Bristol; 24-pound bag Pillsbury flour for best cocks or cockerel, Plymouth Rock, by George L. Horn, grocer, Bristol; 40 pounds of ground bone for the best pen of Leghorns, John F. Wear, grocer, Bristol; and the following to be disposed of at the discretion of the prize committee; six 50-pound bags of Heneta bone grit, Cugley & Mullen, Philadelphia; five 50-pound bags of Red Cross grit, J. W. Williamson Co., Glassboro, N. J.; two 50-pound bags of scratch food, Bristol Flour, Feed & Grain Co.; two 25-pound bags of Quaker Oat Co., chick feed, Walter F. Leedom, Bristol; four half-bushel bags of mixed pigeon feed, A. H. Hall, Bristol; two 50-pound lots of ground bone, John A. McGinley, Bristol; one setting of eggs, choice of breeds, show stock, H. W. Sterling, Penns Manor.

Holy Name Society Had Fine Entertainment.

The regular monthly meeting of the Holy Name Society of St. Marks, Bristol, took place last Tuesday evening, there being a large number of the members present.

After the regular business meeting, presided over by John M. Curran, E. M. Keating presented an admirable programme for the entertainment of those present. Michael Dougherty, of Bristol, a distinguished veteran of the Civil War and who was presented with a medal of honor by Congress for exceptional bravery on the battlefield, read an interesting sketch of the working of the United States Mint, where he is employed. He was followed by the pastor of St. Mark's, Rev. Father Bradley, who spoke on the great good being done by the Holy Name Society throughout the country, combating the evil influence of blasphemy and indecent talk by the avoidance of its members from the above-named vices, and discouraging them by word and example.

Rev. Father Gavan, of Cornwells, then gave two recitations, delivered in his usual style, both of which were warmly appreciated by the members.

Another pleasant ten minutes was spent listening to some finely rendered songs by Rev. Father Reilly, who also came from the Holy Ghost College, Cornwells.

A feature of the evening was a twenty-minute talk on Africa by Father Rooney, from Newport, R. I. Having travelled extensively through Africa, Father Rooney gave a thrilling description of meeting with lions in that far off land. He is also well known in Europe, having been for some time confessor to the Queen of Portugal.

Rev. Father O'Connor gave a display of his dramatic ability by declaiming Marc Anthony's oration over the body of Caesar.

Hugh McGee, Michael Farrell, James Crawford, James and Patrick McGee, John Small and piano solos by James Kelly, together with songs and jokes told by those mentioned, made the evening a memorable one. Under the leadership of Maurice Keating, "Old Kentucky Home," "Swanee River," "Wearing of the Green" and "Columbia" were rendered by the members in a body.

Another Scarlet Fever Victim.

Owen, the nine-year-old son of Laura Owens, died on Saturday, of scarlet fever at the home of Richard Mayberry, Newportville road, Bristol township. Three of Mr. Mayberry's children were recent victims of the same disease.

Will Go to Quakertown.

At their meeting held on Tuesday evening the Good Will Hose Company, No. 3, of Bristol, accepted the invitation of the Quakertown Fire Department to participate in its celebration on June 11. A committee of five was appointed to determine the ways and means.

To Read Answers from Pulpit.

On next Sunday evening, at the Bristol Methodist Church, preceding the sermon, Dr. Gehrett will read answers from young men and young women to the following questions:

"What has religion to do with a young man's life?"

"Why do not more young men in Bristol attend church?"

Engagement Announced.

The engagement has been announced of Christopher Buchler, Jr., of Bristol, and Miss Florence Simpson, of Edgely. Mr. Buchler is the popular young clerk at Child's Dorrance street store and Miss Simpson is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Simpson, of the Floral Exchange, Edgely. Mr. Simpson was the cultivator of the famous "Queen of Edgely" roses.

Death of Aged Bensalem Woman.

Mrs. Ellen Johnson, aged 89 years and six months, died at her home in Eddington last Saturday evening of cerebral apoplexy. The deceased was the widow of the late Clark Johnson, who at the time of his death was one of the oldest employes of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Mrs. Johnson had resided in the neighborhood of Eddington for nearly fifty years. The funeral was held on Tuesday. Interment at Beechwood Cemetery.

First Visit in 45 Years.

Captain and Mrs. Jacob Galloway, of Havre de Grace, Maryland, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Headley over Sunday. Captain Galloway is an old sea captain, who for many years was engaged in the coasting trade, and this was his first visit to Bristol in forty-five years. He was well acquainted with the late Captain Lemuel Jarvis, Ellwood Doron, Jesse B. Mears, Captain Fenton, also Captain Levi Johnson and Jesse W. Knight. Captain Galloway saw many changes in the old town and thoroughly enjoyed his visit.

Bristol Ball Players in Demand.

John F. Smith, acting for the Lowell Club of the New England Baseball League, has written all the players of last year's Bristol team, asking them their terms to play with the Lowell Club the coming season. Hazzard and Gaiser have already consented. J. Mulligan has refused to sign while Barton is undecided. Remson Richardson, according to a Philadelphia paper, has caught on with the Worcester team of the New England League. George Stutz, who played here for several seasons past with Fairhill, is to be tried out by Harrisburg of the Tri-State League.

A Quiet Political Campaign.

Although the last spring election to be held in Pennsylvania will take place next Tuesday, the campaign in Bristol is the deadest one on record. There is practically no campaign at all. In the First ward there is not even an opposition ticket. The only semblance of a contest is in the Third ward over the office of Assessor, where Frank Flum, the Republican nominee and former Democrat, has been driven into a hustle for the position by Norman Dugan, the Democratic nominee. Friends of both candidates are actively buttond-holing voters and obtaining pledges of support. The contest promises to be a close one, with the prospects of Dugan gaining many Republican votes. The nominal Republican majority in the ward is about seventy-five.

Death of Mrs. Matilda E. Allen.

Mrs. Matilda E. Allen, widow of the late George W. Allen, died at her home, corner of Mill and Wood streets, Bristol, yesterday morning, of senile paralysis. The deceased was in her 78th year. Her only son, David E. Allen of Chicago, was summoned by telegraph on Wednesday and by taking the fast Pennsylvania special reached here just ten minutes before his mother's death.

Mrs. Allen is survived by a son and daughter, David E. Allen, of Chicago, and Mrs. A. E. Baylies, of Bristol, and also two sisters and a brother, Mrs. Elizabeth E. Allen, of Hillcroft, who married a brother of the late George Allen; Mrs. William Hibbs, of Langhorne, and Aldridge Everett, of Hillcroft.

The deceased was born in Middletown township and was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. David Everett.

The funeral will be held on Monday afternoon at two o'clock from her late residence. Interment at St. James churchyard.

Live Bird Shoot.

The grounds of the Bristol Shooting Association, near Croyden, was the scene of a number of interesting live bird shooting matches on Monday afternoon. The principal event was a ten-bird shoot in which Isphording, of Morrisville, and Farrell tied for first money and Ashton, Harper and Colbetz divided second money. The following is the score: Fine, 7; Wilson 8, Lamb 8, Curtis 8, Colbetz 9, Harper 9, Isphording 10, Hutchinson 6, Farrell 10, Ashton 9.

In a five-bird, $2.00 event, the following kills were made: Fine, 4; S. Curtis 3, Wilson 5, Hanson 3, Ashton 4.

In another five-bird, $2.00 event, the following were made: Fine 5, Wilson 5, Hanson 3, S. Curtis 5, Ashton 5, Farrell 5, Colbetz 2, Bailey 3.

In another five-bird, $2.00 shoot, the following kills were made: Fine 4, Wilson 4, S. Curtis 5, Colbetz 4, F. Curtis 5, Ashton 3, Brudon 5, Farrell 5, Bailey 3, Lamb 4, Harper 4, Isphording 5, Hutchinson 5.

Will Improve Trolley Service.

Owing to serious mishaps at the Croyden power house the cars of the Trenton, Bristol & Philadelphia Street Railway Company have been limping their schedules during the week.

The high northwest winds and the zero temperture which came suddenly last Sundy night had disastrous effect at the power house. The boilers at the power house are supplied with water pumped from the Neshaminy creek. The wind actully drove the water from the bed of the creek, leaving the pipes exposed, which became frozen solid, putting the boilers out of commission.

All this week a partial schedule on the line has been maintained by obtaining electric current for the upper end of the road from Trenton, and for the Torresdale division from the Tacony plant of the Frankford, Tacony and Holmesburg Company.

Superintendent Murphy, of the local road, says that extensive repairs are being made at the power house, and that all cars will be running on regular time by Monday or Tuesday of next week.

Public Occurrences was one of the first newspapers ever published in this country, appearing in Boston in 1690. But only one number ever appeared, as in that a promise was made that the next would contain a list of all the liars in Boston and the authorities forbade its publication.

Experiments have been made with a megaphone attachment for bugles in some of the western army posts, and it is surprising at what great distances the notes can be heard.

Don't Cough, But Live Long.

If every cough were cured before it got a strong hold, human life would be lengthened by many years. If every coughing sufferer knew that Kemp's Balsam would stop the cough in a few minutes, he would be glad to escape the serious consequences. If any medicine will cure a cough, Kemp's Balsam will do it. At druggists' and dealers', 25c.

KEENE HEIRS WANT A DISTRIBUTION

Suit to Recover $50,000 Left in Trust to Maintain Home for Gentlewomen in Bristol.

Suit was begun in the Orphans Court, Philadelphia, last week by Robert L. Keene, Ellen Keene, Bessie Hawley, James Headstrom and Susan Miller, heirs of Sarah Lukens Keene, formerly of Bristol, who died in 1868, to recover $20,000 with an accumulated interest, willed by her for the maintenance of a home for aged gentlewomen in Bristol.

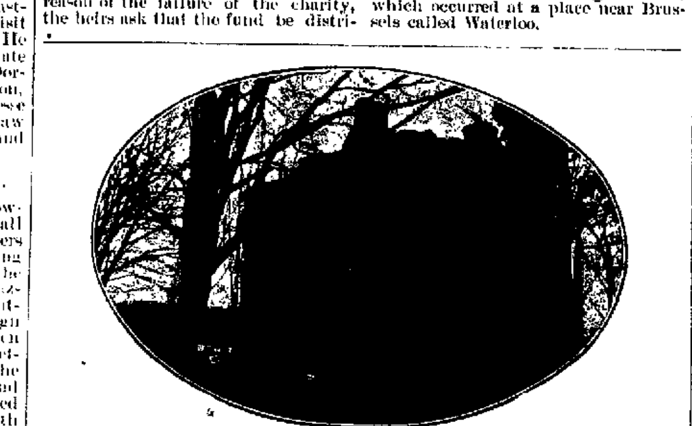
The principal reason alleged by the complainants is that the residence designated by the testatrix for the home has never been occupied and that, therefore, the charity has failed and is impracticable. William F. Berkowitz and William W. Lucas are counsel for the heirs, who are great nephews and nieces of the testatrix.

Under the will of Miss Keene, made May 11, 1843, she set aside a large house called "The Pavilion," in Bristol, as a home for "five, six or more gentlewomen (ladies,) who are widows or single women, unmarried, of respectability, but decayed fortunes, and who have become destitute at an advanced age of the means of support and are bereaved of friends that can or who will assist them, alone, friendless and helpless."

Miss Keene left $20,000 for the maintenance of the home, naming the Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Pennsylvania as a trustee of the institution. Under this condition it was necessary for the complaining heirs to name Bishop Ozi W. Whitaker as defendant in the action. Bishop Whitaker is the only surviving trustee of the home.

Miss Keene provided in her will that the State Supreme Court should appoint successors when trustees died, excepting the Bishop, but this tribunal never took any action.

There was never any effort, it is charged, to carry out the objects of the trust, because no one could be induced to take up a residence in "The Pavillion" on account of the reputation it had of being haunted. By reason of the failure of the charity, the heirs ask that the fund be distributed among them.



THE OLD KEENE MANSION.

Mr. Berkowitz said that the original fund had greatly increased by the interest it has been drawing and that it now amounts to almost $50,000.

THE KEENE MANSION.

The Keene mansion, or the "white house," as it is generally called, has been an object of interest and considerable curiosity in Bristol for many years. For over forty years it has been unoccupied, save for that of the care-taker.

The house is handsomely situated on the river bank in the most desirable section of Radcliffe street. It is a spacious mansion, surrounded with ample grounds, terraced to the river bank. Large shade trees and shrubbery adorning the premises.

The late William Kinsey, twenty years ago in writing some of his historical sketches for the Gazette, gave the following facts concerning the Keene mansion.

ERECTED BY MAJOR LENOX.

Major Lenox, who represented the government of the United States at the court of St. James was a resident of Bristol for many years. He built the splendid mansion known as the Miss Keene residence which she occupied many years after the Major's death.

It was built in 1816 during the residence of Major and Mrs. Lenox in Bristol. They were visited here by many distinguished men of this country and Europe.

Joseph Bonaparte, ex-King of Spain, whose residence was at Bordentown, N. J., was a frequent visitor. He would come down the river in his splendid barge presented to him by Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia, accompanied by his nephew, Prince Murat, rowed by four oarsmen, with the American and French flags flying fore and oft.

THE AMERICAN BEAUTY.

Major Lenox's neice, Miss Sarah Lukens Keene, who was one of his family, fell heir to his estate. She was a lady of personal beauty as well as mental culture. During the residence of her uncle in England she frequently attended the receptions given the foreign ministers by the King who on one occasion led her in the dance, after which he complimented her on her beauty and gracefulness. During her stay in England she was known as the American beauty.

Although courted by many gallant swains Miss Keene never married and died an old maid.

THE MANSION BEQUEATHED.

After recounting some of the courtships of Miss Keene, Mr. Kinsey in his article tells how "she devised her beautiful mansion on the river bank, its furniture and several thousand dollars to the Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the diocese of Philadelphia, in trust for the maintenance of five, six or more aged gentlewomen, widows or single women of respectability and decayed fortunes, who had become destitute in old age.

Bristol will be much interested in the suit instituted by the heirs of Miss Keene. The property remains much the same as it was thirty or forty years ago. It has been kept in first-class repair and has never been allowed to deteriorate. It is really one of the most valuable pieces of residence property in the borough.

Bristol Public School Notes.

The supper given by the teachers and pupils of the Jefferson avenue school was a most successful affair. The generous contributions and the personal efforts of the parents and friends of the children assured from the first a pleasant and profitable evening. It was another illustration of the hearty interest and support of the people in the public schools, and their faith in them. The public schools are not a panacea for all ills but they are mighty factors in the making of the future citizens. The financial returns of the supper will be the largest ever netted at one school entertainment.

The next attraction of the lecture entertainment course will be a lecture by Edward Amherst Ott on Monday evening, February 14th, at 8.15. The subject of this lecture is "The Haunted House," and is a study of the mind in its relation to the practical affairs of life and the ideals of man. Mr. Ott gave this lecture at the last County Institute at Doylestown, and it was very much enjoyed. It is a lecture to make one think.

Third Ward Democratic Ticket.

The Democrats of the Third ward of Bristol have nominated the following ticket:

Council—Grover C. Yeagle and John Williams.

Assessor—Norman Dugan.

Inspector—Charles Yeagle.

Licensed to Sell Oleo.

Erwin S. Ritter, 241 W. Broad street, Quakertown, is the only person in Bucks county legally entitled to sell oleomargarine. He obtained a State license for that purpose on November 1. There are over 200 oleo dealers in Allegheny county, and seven in Montgomery county.

Associated With Bond Dealers.

Horace C. Swain, of Bristol, son of the late Edward Swain and grandson of Anthony Swain, has associated himself with Messrs. Baker, Ayling & Company, bankers, of 425 Land Title Building, Philadelphia, and Boston, Mass., dealers in bonds and investment securities.

Mr. Swain's long banking experience makes him particularly fitted for this class of business, as he was employed for nine years in the banking department of the old and well known house of Peter Wright & Sons, and for the last six years has been assistant manager of the foreign exchange department of the Franklin National Bank of Philadelphia, which he left to take up his present position.

"Mush," Past and Present.

Portland Oregonian.

Mush, we used to call it, and each child, bowl and spoon in hand, a big pitcher of milk hard by, awaited the cooking process as mother stirred and stirred and the mass bubbled and bubbled. The corn meal that went into it was taken from a big bin in a tin scoop and slowly shaken into the boiling water until the experienced eye showed that the mush was thick enough and when done to the queen's taste it was ladled into the waiting bowls, the milk pitcher was brought into requisition and the meal was over in short order. Breakfast food we call it now. It is gingerly shaken by the kitchen maid from a highly ornamented pasteboard box, simmered until by dint of calling and ringing the breakfast bell the children come fretfully to the table, when it is duly served, smothered in sugar and cream, sniffed at and left as a contribution to the slop can. Yes, it costs more this way, but we have got to have it. And so, of course, we have to pay the bills.

It really seems strange that some of these "back from Elba" enthusiasts do not recall the slight trouble which occurred at a place near Brussels called Waterloo.

LOST MONEY ON EIGHTEEN COWS

Gustav Pitzonka, a Township Farmer, Says There is no Money in the Dairy Business.

Editor of the Gazette:

I have been reading in the papers much about the high cost of living and some say that we farmers are getting most of those big profits. I am not, and I am a farmer. I could not make it pay if it was not for the flowers that I raise on the side.

There is surely no profit to the farmer in the dairy business and I can prove it from my own experience. I will here give you the result of a year's business selling milk from eighteen cows and anyone who knows anything about it will say my figures are correct:

I have a herd of 18 cows, the milk from which is sold to dealers at four cents a quart. I have sold from the first day of January, 1909 to the first day of January, 1910, milk from these cows amounting to $1,865. Counting the feed and hay fed to the cows at the lowest wholesale price, the cost is $1.50 per week for each cow or $1404 for the 12 months. Balance left, $461.

It takes one man's time to feed, curry, keep the stables clean and to milk the lot. His wages will amount to $5 per week not counting his board, the barnyard manure about offsets that. Total for man's wages, $260 per year. Balance left $201.

I have lost by buying fresh cows and selling dry ones during the year, $147. Balance left, $54.

Valued at $50 each I have $900 invested on those 18 cows, at 5 per cent. interest, $45. Balance left $9.

I had to pay out $46 for lumber and cement last year to put my cow stables in a thorough sanitary condition, also $19 for wire fencing, not counting my time, $65. Loss on the year's dairy business, $56. I would have been better off if I didn't have a cow on the place.

The farmers around here are not getting the benefit of these high prices.

GUSTAV PITZONKA,
Bristol Township.

It's Pretty Tough on Dad.

(Written for the Gazette.)

I've been just six months on this earth
And like it fairly well;
For all I have to do is eat and sleep and
fuss and yell.
I've just come to the conclusion that
whenever I am bad—
It's nice to be a baby, but
It's pretty tough on Dad.

It's Pop who has to warm the milk if I
wake up at night;
It's Pop who has to walk the floor while
I scream, kick and fight;
It's Pop who has to rock me if I'm feeling
blue and sad—
It's nice to be a baby, but
It's pretty tough on Dad.

It's Pop who has to "cough the dough"
to buy me all my clothes;
It's Pop who's always finding tacks a-
sticking in his toes;
It's Pop who gets the brunt of it whenever
Mom gets mad—
It's nice to be a baby, but
It's pretty tough on Dad.

It's Pop who has to wash my face if I
get inky black;
It's Pop who has to find the pin that's
sticking in my back;
They call me "Mother's child" and say:
"The darling little lad"—
But never mention Pop at all.
It's pretty tough on Dad.

Y. M. A. Won.

The Y. M. A. defeated the Enterprise Fire Company second team on Monday evening by the score of 16 to 6. Line-up:

Y. M. A.	Positions	No. 5.
Williams	forward	Buckley
A. Clark	forward	Campbell Burkett
R. Clark	centre	Mulholland Campbell
Sigafoos	guard	B'kett, Phipps
Stradling	guard	Carr

Goals from field—Williams, 3; A. Clark, 2; R. Clark, 1; Sigafoos, 1; Campbell, 3. Goals from fouls—R. Clark, 2.

The Y. M. A. second team is open for games with any 16-year-old team. John Watson, manager, 112 Buckley street, Bristol.

The Y. M. A. will play the Beaver A. C. on Wednesday evening, February 16th. The Y. M. A. second team will play Ira Mount's Professionals on the same evening at the No. 5's hall. Admission, 10 cents.

Ecuador is especially rich in hard woods, yet no one there is engaged in exporting them.

Died.

ALLEN—On the 10th inst., Matilda E., widow of the late George W. Allen, in her 78th year. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral service on Monday, February 14th, at 2 o'clock, p. m., at her late residence, corner of Wood and Mill streets, Bristol, Pa. Interment at St. James Churchyard.

SPECIAL NOTICES

Advertisements under this head will be inserted for half a cent a word. No advertisement taken for less than 10 cents.

FOR SALE—A seven-room dwelling house on Dorrance street. Stable in rear. New pump. Excellent cellar. Apply at No. 309 Dorrance street.

FOR SALE—Upright piano, James Bellak make, in good condition. For sale at a bargain. 428 Pond street, Bristol. 2-11-2t

FOR SALE—An excellent black haircloth suit of parlor furniture for $8. Two brass top enamel bedsteads, nearly new, with mattress, $8. Cook stove, $4. 32 yards of good Brussels carpet, 30 cents a yard. Apply 214 Mill street.

FOR SALE—Party in financial trouble will dispose of almost new cabinet grand piano if sold quick for cash. Address L., Gazette office. 2-4-tf

PIGEONS FOR SALE—A few pairs runt and Plymouth Rock Homers—mated. One pair lots or more. Good stock to raise from. Price reasonable. G. G. Kemble, Bridgewater, Pa. 2-4-2t

COW FOR SALE—Apply to Miss Berryman, Bristol Pike, above Croydon. 2-4-2t

WANTED—Two unfurnished rooms for light housekeeping. Radcliffe street preferred. Address C. B., Gazette office. 2-4-tf

FOR SALE—Cedar tank, 3500 gal. capacity. But slightly used. Cheap. D'Olier Engineering Co., 119 S. 11th St., Phila., Pa. 2-4-2t

FOR RENT—Three-story brick store and dwelling situated at 242 Mill street. All conveniences. Store can be rented separately from dwelling. Apply to Mrs. Eva D. Hay, 303 Penn street. 1-7-tf

FOR RENT—Old homestead apartments at Edgely, for three families. Two six-room and one five-room suites. Apply to F. I. Kraft, 125 Radcliffe street. 7-16-tf

INSURE in the North American. Been in business 100 years. Meet your losses promptly. When you buy you want the best. What do you know about the company you are now in? Costs no more in a live company, whose responsibility is beyond question. William E. Laing, 829 Radcliffe street, Bristol. 2-19-tf

FRANK PETTIT 805, 807, 809 Master street, Phila., Pa., Manufacturer of Ornamental Iron, Iron fencing, Cemetery Enclosures, Chairs, Settees, Fire Escapes, etc. Bell Phone Kensington 4397 D. 4-19-1yr.

Estate Notice.

Estate of ELLEN JOHNSON, late of Bensalem Township, Bucks Co., Pa., dec'd.

LETTERS of administration having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having legal claims will present them without delay, in proper form for settlement to

LEMUEL VANDEGRIFT,
Gilkeson & James, Att'ys, Administrator,
Bristol, Pa. Eddington, Pa.

Estate Notice.

Estate of MICHAEL McCARRY, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, Pa., deceased.

LETTERS testamentary having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and all those having legal claims will present them without delay, in proper form for settlement to DANIEL J. McCARRY,
Gilkeson and James, Executor.
Attorneys. 2-4-6t

Estate Notice.

Estate of ANGELA PECK, late of Falls township, Bucks Co., Pa., Dec'd.

LETTERS testamentary having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having legal claims will present them without delay, in proper form for settlement to JOHN G. SHULL,
LUCENA PECK,
JOHN C. STUCKERT, Executors.
Attorney, Bristol, Pa. 1-28-6t

Estate Notice.

Estate of EDGAR L. TITUS, late of Bristol Township, Bucks Co., Pa., Dec'd.

LETTERS testamentary having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having legal claims will present them without delay, in proper form for settlement to CARRIE V. TITUS,
12-31-6t Executrix.

Estate Notice.

Estate of MARGARET STACKHOUSE, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, Pa., dec'd.

LETTERS of Administration having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having legal claims will present them without delay, in proper form for settlement to JOHN C. STUCKERT,
Administrator,
1-14-6t Bristol, Pa.

Estate Notice.

Estate of JOSEPH HENRY SMITH, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks Co., Pa., dec'd.

LETTERS of administration having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having legal claims will present them without delay, in proper form for settlement to ELLEN C. SMITH,
Administratrix,
J. C. Stuckert, Att'y, Bristol, Pa.
Bristol, Pa. 1-21-6t

Estate Notice.

Estate of SARAH P. LANCASTER, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, Pa., deceased.

LETTERS testamentary having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having legal claims will present them without delay, in proper form for settlement to

EDWARD H. FOSTER,
John C. Stuckert, Attorney. Executor.
Bristol, Pa. 1-21-6t

Have You Spare Money?

We can place any amount of money you may have to invest in first-class and meritorious industrial and other reliable securities of exceedingly profitable nature. Mortgages, real estate, etc.

WEBER & CO., Fiscal Agents,
1-21-4t 226 Mint Arcade, Philadelphia.

FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

Martha Royal Court of Cyrene, No 5

will give a Dance in Pythian Hall, Wood St., Bristol, Pa., on

FRIDAY EVENING, FEB. 11, 1910.

Good music by Bristol orchestra.

Mrs. E. Miller, Treas. Florence Farrell, Sec.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

Come one. Come all. 2-4-2t

The Jolly Auctioneer

E. B. MINSTER

210 Cedar Street, Bristol, Pa.

I am ready to do your auctioneering. Get best results. Reasonable rates. 1-28-3m
Phone 188-A.

LOST CERTIFICATE.

Notice is hereby given, that Certificate No. 44, of the Eleventh Series of the capital stock of the Merchants and Mechanics Building Association, of Bristol, Pa., issued on August 4th, 1900, to H. Gestefeld, and by him assigned to William C. Peirce, has been lost or inadvertently destroyed, and that unless cause to the contrary is shown meanwhile, a duplicate certificate for said stock will be issued to the said William C. Peirce, by the said Association, on March 21st, 1910.

JOHN C. STUCKERT,
2-11-6t Secretary.

CONSERVATIVE INVESTMENT SECURITIES

Netting from 4 1-2 Per Cent. to 5 1-2 Per Cent.

Baker, Ayling & Company

50 Congress St., Boston, Mass. Room 425 Land Title Bldg., Phila.

Inquiries may be made of Horace C. Swain, at the Philadelphia Office or at Bristol, Pa.

TROLLEY

Package Delivery Service

The Trenton, Bristol & Philadelphia Street Railway Company announces to its patrons that it has introduced a

PACKAGE DELIVERY SERVICE

for the convenience of those who desire to avail themselves of the extremely low rate at which they may have packages sent to any point along its line.

Baskets and Packages weighing 50 pounds or less will be delivered for

FIVE CENTS

in each fare devision.

Order your marketing, etc., by 'phone and have it sent to your gate by our cars for five cents.

T. B. & P. St. R'y CO.

2-11-tf eow



BEFORE the day of the Bell Telephone, distance made family visits infrequent, costly and often impossible.

TO-DAY it is easier to chat with "folks" many miles away than to pay a visit within a few steps of home. The cost is inconsiderable.

Use the Bell

for sending family greetings in this delightful way.

The Bell Telephone Co. of Penna.

W. C. HARTRANFT, District Manager

Norristown, Pa.

VALENTINES.

We have a large assortment of Valentines ranging in price

from 1c. to 50c.

Stationery Special.

A box of Fine White Linen Paper and Envelopes, Paper neatly stamped in blue ink, Bristol, Penn'a., a regular 40c. value, at

25 Cents.

E. C. ERTHAL

Nos. 123-127 Mill Street,

BRISTOL, PA.

Some Good Reasons Why You Should Get Your Drugs at Fabian's.

BECAUSE we buy and sell only the best quality of Drugs.
We carry a stock which enables us to fill almost any demand at once.
If you should want something not in stock we lose no time in getting it.
The activity of medicine often depends upon the freshness. You can expect results if we supply your Drug needs.
We stand back of every transaction and refund your money if not satisfied.
Let us supply your Drug wants.

Fabian's Pharmacy,

Radcliffe and Mulberry streets, Bristol, Pa.

Have your Prescriptions filled there. No extra charges for delivery. Phone 78-D.

See our window for Valentines. 1c. to $1.00.

CUT PRICES

AT THE

CHILDS' CO. STORES

Best Lard, per pound,	13c
Best Jersey Cranberries, qt.,	5c
Condensed Milk, Rose Brand can,	10c
Whole Grain Rice, lb.,	5c
Evaporated Apricots, lb.,	12c
Elegant Table Pears, can,	9c
10c. can Colburn's Mustard,	7c
Best Pure Black Pepper, lb.,	13c
5 gal. Galvanized Oil can,	39c
Best Headlight Oil, gal.,	9c
Candy Jelly Bean Eggs, lb.,	9c
Our 9c. large Prunes, lb.,	7c
60c. Assam India Tea, lb.,	45c
3 Boxes Parlor Matches,	10c
Golden Peaberry Coffee, lb.,	19c
Mocha and Java Coffee, lb.,	27c

CHILDS' STORES, Mill and Cedar Streets, Bath Street, above Otter, Wood and Dorrance Sts.



It Adds Dignity

to the appearance of a young lady when she wears glasses, although she may fancy they make her look old. But if they give her comfort in seeing, helping the natural vision, the chief purpose of the glasses is served. Unless they do aid the vision they should not be worn for a moment. We will examine the eyes and give advice free of charge. Our Glasses are guaranteed.

G. AUSTIN BISBEE, Optometrist

9.00 a. m. to 9.00 p. m. 202 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.

We have all sizes of

Trusses

from several manufacturers. Anyone can be promptly and accurately fitted at very much lower than city prices.

Hard Rubber, Single, $3. Double, $5.

DR. PURSELL'S DRUG STORE

S. W. Cor. Mill & Cedar Sts.

Bristol, Pa.

H. H. H. Dyspepsia Remedy.

A certain, safe and pleasant remedy for the cure of

All Forms of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Billiousness, Colic, Etc.

H. H. HEADLEY

PHARMACIST

Cor. of Wood and Washington Streets, Bristol, Pa. 4-10-tf

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Farmers National Bank of Bucks Co.

At Bristol, in the State of Pennsylvania, at the close of business, Jan. 31st, 1910.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	$1,093,...
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	40,000.00
Bonds, securities, etc	...
Banking house, furniture & fixtures	...
Due from National Banks (not Reserve Agents)	...
Due from approved reserve agents	...
Checks and other cash items	...
Notes of other National Banks	...
Nickels and cents	...
Lawful Money Reserve in Bank viz Specie	$55,0...
Legal tender notes	4,... 59,380.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer	2,000.00
Total	$1,133,043.19

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 92,220.00
Surplus fund	205,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	37,178.82
National Bank notes outstanding	39,800.00
Due to other National Banks	140.36
Dividends unpaid	303.00
Individual deposits subject to check	761,031.71
Total	$1,133,043.19

State of Penna., County of Bucks, ss.
I, Charles E. Scott, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly affirm that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

Subscribed and affirmed to before me this 2d day of Feb., 1910.

W. H. BOOZ,
Notary Public.

Correct Attest,
BENJ. J. TAYLOR,
A. RUSSELL BURTON, } Directors.
JOSEPH R. GRUNDY,
2-11-3t

Farmers National Bank

OF BUCKS COUNTY,

BRISTOL, PA.

The Oldest Bank in Bucks County,

ESTABLISHED, A. D. 1815.

Capital, (as originally)	$ 92,220.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits, (earned)	242,178.82

January 31st, 1910.

Has a well equipped and constantly increasing

Savings Department.

Boxes to rent at from $2.00 up in

Fire & Burglar Proof Safe Deposit Vaults

AFFORDING ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

This bank gives no customer an undue advantage over any other.

The smallest account receives the same care and attention as the largest, and is warmly welcomed.

It corresponds with an extensive network of other banks and large business houses, thereby gaining many advantages for its depositors.

It has served four generations of Bucks county people faithfully and well.

In time of trouble a balance in a strong bank is like an anchor to windward in a storm.

Administrator's Sale of Real Estate.

Pursuant to an order of the Orphans Court of Bucks county, will be sold at public sale upon the premises, situate No. 303 Walnut street, Bristol, Pennsylvania, on

Saturday, February 12th, 1910,

the following described real estate, viz:

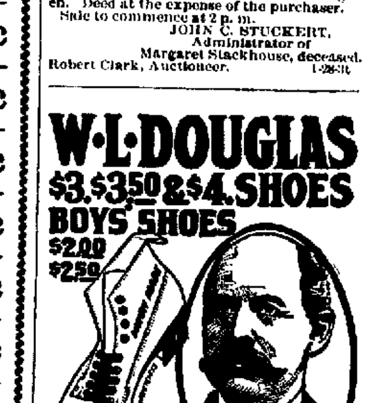
A messuage and lot of land containing in front on the easterly side of Walnut street of eighteen feet, with a depth of one hundred and sixteen feet, eight inches to an alley, and adjoining lands of Samuel Williams and Joseph Roe.

The improvements consist of a frame dwelling, two and one-half stories, shingle roof. The main house is eighteen by twenty-eight feet, containing two rooms each on the first, second and third floors. Basement underneath. Frame kitchen attached. Well of good water.

Conditions of sale. $100 at close of sale, balance of purchase money on April 1st, 1910, when possession of the premises will be given. Deed at the expense of the purchaser.

Sale to commence at 2 p. m.

JOHN C. STUCKERT,
Administrator of
Margaret Stackhouse, deceased.
Robert Clark, Auctioneer. 1-28-3t



THE LARGEST MAKER AND RETAILER OF MEN'S FINE SHOES IN THE WORLD.

"SUPERIOR TO OTHER MAKES."
"I have worn W. L. Douglas shoes for the past six years, and always find they are far superior to all other high grade shoes in style, comfort and durability." W. G. JONES,
119 Howard Ave., Utica, N. Y.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would realize why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other make.

CAUTION—See that W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on the bottom. Take No Substitute. If your dealer cannot fit you with W. L. Douglas shoes, write for Mail Order Catalog. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

—FOR SALE BY—

PHILIP WINTER,

Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.

FOR SALE.

Five very desirable 3-story brick dwelling houses, with all modern conveniences, situ Nos. 204, 206, 208, 210 and 212 Cedar street.

Apply to
GILKESON & JAMES,
12-24-tf Attorneys.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

THE GREEN DOOR.

A Bold Adventurer Finds a Romance In Solving a Mystery.

By O. HENRY.

[Copyright, 1906, by McClure, Phillips & Co.]

Suppose you should be walking down Broadway after dinner, with ten minutes allotted to the consummation of your cigar while you are choosing between a diverting tragedy and something serious in the way of vaudeville. Suddenly a hand is laid upon your arm. You turn to look into the thrilling eyes of a beautiful woman wonderful in diamonds and Russian sables. She thrusts hurriedly into your hand an extremely hot buttered roll, flashes out a tiny pair of scissors, snips off the second button of your overcoat, meaningly ejaculates the one word "parallelogram" and swiftly flies down a cross street, looking back fearfully over her shoulder.

That would be pure adventure. Would you accept it? Not you. You would flush with embarrassment. You would sheepishly drop the roll and continue down Broadway, fumbling feebly for the missing button. This you



ON THE OTHER WERE WRITTEN THREE WORDS, "THE GREEN DOOR."

would do unless you are one of the blessed few in whom the pure spirit of adventure is not dead.

In the big city the twin spirits, Romance and Adventure, are always abroad seeking worthy wooers. As we roam the streets they slyly peep at us and challenge us in twenty different guises.

Rudolf Steiner was a true adventurer. Few were the evenings on which he did not go forth from his hall bedchamber in search of the unexpected and the egregious. The most interesting thing in life seemed to him to be what might lie just around the next corner. Sometimes his willingness to tempt fate led him into strange paths. Twice he had spent the night in a station house. Again and again he had found himself the dupe of ingenious and mercenary tricksters. His watch and money had been the price of one flattering allurement. But with undiminished ardor he picked up every glove cast before him into the merry lists of adventure.

One evening Rudolf was strolling along a cross town street in the older central part of the city. Two streams of people filled the sidewalks, the home hurrying and that restless contingent that abandons home for the specious welcome of the thousand candle power table d'hote.

The young adventurer was of pleasing presence and moved serenely and watchfully. By daylight he was a salesman in a piano store. He wore his tie drawn through a topaz ring instead of fastened with a stickpin, and once he had written to the editor of a magazine that "Junie's Love Test," by Miss Libbey, had been the book that had most influenced his life.

During his walk a violent chattering of teeth in a glass case on the sidewalk seemed at first to draw his attention (with a qualm) to a restaurant before which it was set, but a second glance revealed the electric letters of a dentist's sign high above the next door. A giant negro fantastically dressed in a red embroidered coat, yellow trousers and a military cap discreetly distributed cards to those of the passing crowd who consented to take them.

This mode of dentistic advertising was a common sight to Rudolf. Usually he passed the dispenser of the dentist's cards without reducing his store, but tonight the African slipped one into his hand so deftly that he retained it there, smiling a little at the successful feat.

When he had traveled a few yards farther he glanced at the card indifferently. Surprised, he turned it over and looked again with interest. One side of the card was blank; on the other were written in ink three words, "The Green Door." And then Rudolf saw three steps in front of him a man throw down the card the negro had given him as he passed. Rudolf picked it up. It was printed with the dentist's name and address and the usual schedule of "plate work" and "bridge work" and "crowns" and specious promises of "painless" operations.

The adventurous piano salesman halted at the corner and considered. Then he crossed the street, walked down a block, recrossed and joined the upward current of people again. Without seeming to notice the negro as he passed the second time he carelessly took the card that was handed him. Ten steps away he inspected it. In the same handwriting that appeared on the first card "The Green Door" was inscribed upon it. Three or four cards were tossed to the pavement by pedestrians both following and leading him. These fell blank side up. Rudolf turned them over. Every one bore the printed legend of the dental "parlors."

Rarely did the arch sprite adventure need to beckon twice to Rudolf Steiner, his true follower. But twice it had been done and the quest was on.

Rudolf walked slowly back to where the giant negro stood by the case of rattling teeth. This time as he passed he received no card. In spite of his gaudy and ridiculous garb the Ethiopian displayed a natural barbaric dignity as he stood, offering the cards suavely to some, allowing others to pass unmolested. Every half minute he chanted a harsh, unintelligible phrase akin to the jabber of car conductors and grand opera. And not only did he withhold a card this time, but it seemed to Rudolf that he received from the shining and massive black countenance a look of cold, almost contemptuous, disdain.

The look stung the adventurer. He read in it a silent accusation that he had been found wanting. Whatever the mysterious written words on the cards might mean, the black had selected him twice from the throng for their recipient and now seemed to have condemned him as deficient in the wit and spirit to engage the enigma.

Standing aside from the rush, the young man made a rapid estimate of the building in which he conceived that his adventure must lie. Five stories high it rose. A small restaurant occupied the basement.

The first floor, now closed, seemed to house millinery or furs. The second floor, by the winking electric letters, was the dentist's. Above this a polyglot babel of signs struggled to indicate the abodes of palmists, dressmakers, musicians and doctors. Still higher up draped curtains and milk bottles white on the window sills proclaimed the regions of domesticity.

After concluding his survey Rudolf walked briskly up the high flight of stone steps into the house. Up two flights of the carpeted stairway he continued, and at its top paused. The hallway there was dimly lighted by two pale jets of gas, one far to his right, the other nearer to his left. He looked toward the nearer light and saw within its wan halo a green door. For one moment he hesitated; then he seemed to see the contumelious sneer of the African juggler of cards, and then he walked straight to the green door and knocked against it.

Moments like those that passed before his knock was answered measure the quick breath of true adventure. What might not be behind those green panels! Gamesters at play, cunning rogues baiting their traps with subtle skill, beauty in love with courage and thus planning to be sought by it, danger, death, love, disappointment, ridicule—any of these might respond to that temerarious rap.

A faint rustle was heard inside, and the door slowly opened. A girl not yet twenty stood there, white faced and tottering. She loosed the knob and swayed weakly, groping with one hand. Rudolf caught her and laid her on a faded couch that stood against the wall. He closed the door and took a swift glance around the room by the light of a flickering gas jet. Neat but extreme poverty was the story that he read.

The girl lay still, as if in a faint. Rudolf looked around the room excitedly for a barrel. People must be rolled upon a barrel who—no, no; that was for drowned persons. He began to fan her with his hat. That was successful, for he struck her nose with the brim of his derby, and she opened her eyes. And then the young man saw that hers, indeed, was the one missing face from his heart's gallery of intimate portraits. The frank gray eyes, the little nose, turning pertly outward, the chestnut hair, curling like the tendrils of a pea vine, seemed the right end and reward of all his wonderful adventures. But the face was woefully thin and pale.

The girl looked at him calmly and then smiled.

"Fainted, didn't I?" she asked weakly. "Well, who wouldn't? You try going without anything to eat for three days and see!"

"Himmel!" exclaimed Rudolf, jumping up. "Wait till I come back."

He dashed out the green door and down the stairs. In twenty minutes he was back again, kicking at the door with his toe for her to open it. With both arms he hugged an array of wares from the grocery and the restaurant. On the table he laid them—bread and butter, cold meats, cakes, pies, pickles, oysters, a roasted chicken, a bottle of milk and one of redhot tea.

"This is ridiculous," said Rudolf blusteringly, "to go without eating. You must quit making election bets of this kind. Supper is ready." He helped her to a chair at the table and asked, "Is there a cup for the tea?" "On the shelf by the window," she answered. When he turned again with the cup he saw her, with eyes shining rapturously, beginning upon a huge dill pickle that she had rooted out from the paper bags with a woman's unerring instinct. He took it from her laughingly and poured the cup full of milk. "Drink that first," he ordered, "and then you shall have some tea and then a chicken wing. If you are very good you shall have a pickle tomorrow. And now, if you'll allow me to be your guest, we'll have supper."

He drew up the other chair. The tea brightened the girl's eyes and brought back some of her color. She began to eat with a sort of dainty ferocity like some starved animal. She seemed to regard the young man's presence and the aid he had rendered her as a natural thing—not as though she undervalued the conventions, but as one whose great stress gave her the right to put aside the artificial for the human. But gradually with the return of strength and comfort came also a sense of the little conventions that belong, and she began to tell him her little story. It was one of a thousand such as the city yawns at every day—the shopgirl's story of insufficient wages, further reduced by "fines" that go to swell the store's profits; of time lost through illness and then of lost positions, lost hope and—the knock of the adventurer upon the green door.

But to Rudolf the history sounded as big as the Iliad or the crisis in "Junie's Love Test."

"To think of you going through all that!" he exclaimed.

"It was something fierce," said the girl solemnly.

"And you have no relatives or friends in the city?"

"None whatever."

"I am all alone in the world, too," said Rudolf after a pause.

"I am glad of that," said the girl promptly, and somehow it pleased the young man to hear that she approved of his bereft condition.

Very suddenly her eyelids dropped, and she sighed deeply.

"I am awfully sleepy," she said, "and I feel so good."

Rudolf rose and took his hat.

"Then I'll say good night. A long night's sleep will be fine for you."

He held out his hand, and she took it and said "Good night." But her eyes asked a question so eloquently, so frankly and pathetically that he answered it with words.

"Oh, I'm coming back tomorrow to see how you are getting along. You can't get rid of me so easily."

Then at the door, as though the way of his coming had been so much less important than the fact that he had come, she asked, "How did you come to knock at my door?"

He looked at her for a moment, remembering the cards, and felt a sudden jealous pain. What if they had fallen into other hands as adventurous as his? Quickly he decided that she must never know the truth. He would never let her know that he was aware of the strange expedient to which she had been driven by her great distress.

"One of our piano tuners lives in this house," he said. "I knocked at your door by mistake."

The last thing he saw in the room before the green door closed was her smile.

At the head of the stairway he paused and looked curiously about him. And then he went along the hallway to its other end and, coming back, ascended to the floor above and continued his puzzled explorations. Every door that he found in the house was painted green.

Wondering, he descended to the sidewalk. The fantastic African was still there. Rudolf confronted him with his two cards in his hand.

"Will you tell me why you gave me these cards and what they mean?" he asked.

In a broad, good natured grin the negro exhibited a splendid advertisement of his master's profession.

"Dar it is, boss," he said, pointing down the street. "But I 'spect you is a little late for de fust act."

Looking the way he pointed, Rudolf saw above the entrance to a theater the blazing electric sign of its new play, "The Green Door."

"I'm informed dat it's a fust rate show, sah," said the negro. "De agent what represents it pussented me with a dollar, sah, to distribute a few of his cards along with de doctah's. May I offer you one of de doctah's cards, sah?"



AN ARRAY OF WARES FROM THE GROCERY AND THE RESTAURANT.

At the corner of the block in which he lived Rudolf stopped for a glass of beer and a cigar. When he had come out with his lighted weed he buttoned his coat, pushed back his hat and said stoutly to the lamppost on the corner:

"All the same, I believe it was the hand of fate that doped out the way for me to find her."

Which conclusion, under the circumstances, certainly admits Rudolf Steiner to the ranks of the true followers of Romance and Adventure.

A Quaint Tract.

A quaint tract entitled "Woe to Drunkards" being a sermon by Samuel Wald, preacher of Ispwich, was printed in London in 1627. The preacher based his remarks upon Proverbs xxiii, 29-32, "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red," etc., and illustrated his arguments by examples from various parts of the kingdom of "God's judgments on drunkards." Among other instances he quotes the following one from Tenby: "At Tenby, in Pembrokeshire, a Drunkard being exceedingly drunke broke himself all to pieces off an high and steep rock in most fearefull manner, and yet the occasion and circumstances of his fall so ridiculous as I thinke not fit to relate, lest in so serious a judgement I should move laughter of the Reader."—Cardiff Times.

The Oldest Joke.

It will be difficult to discover an older practical joke than that of the coppersmith and the maker of brazen images for the temple of Osiris, which is embodied in Egyptian inscriptions dating from the reign of Menes, founder of Memphis, who ruled over 7,000 years ago. According to ancient records, there dwelt between these two craftsmen a quiet man whose desire was for peace and who was sadly disturbed by the noisy occupations carried on by his busy neighbors. He therefore asked each of them to say for what sum they would change their dwellings. This they did. Each calculated the amount required, and he, being satisfied, paid it over to them.

"Now," he asked of the coppersmith, "where is your new dwelling?" "I have taken that of the maker of images," was the reply. "And you," queried the quiet man of the latter, "whither goest thou?" "To the house of the coppersmith!"

This is one of many tales told in all ages which are woven into myth and legend and differ only in local color.

He Needed the Clerk.

When Tim Campbell was in the Fiftieth congress he stole a clerk from Congressman Scott. Scott was a new member and was made chairman of a committee which gave him a clerkship. He knew nothing about the clerk. Campbell did. Through some means or another he had the clerkship transferred to his own committee. Six months later Scott learned of the trick. Meeting Campbell, he said:

"That was a nice piece of petty larceny."

"Tut, tut, Mr. Scott," said Campbell; "my committee needed a clerk worse than yours." Then, with twinkling eyes, he continued, "You are a millionaire and can afford to hire half a dozen clerks, while I must go to the government for clerical assistance."

The ready reply amused Scott. The two men were always the best of friends thereafter.

Anxious Traveling.

A traveler in Russia noticed that the train he entered was all decorated with flags and banners, and at every station it passed stood a company of soldiers and a band playing the national anthem. The traveler asked a brakeman the reason of all this ceremony. The brakeman, lowering his voice, replied:

"I don't mind telling you, sir—but in the strictest confidence, be it understood—that a carriage in this train has been engaged for his majesty. But his majesty, as a matter of fact, won't set off till this evening. Thus the plot hatched against him may take effect on this train, you see, and our gracious sovereign will be saved."

The brakeman touched his cap and passed on, and the traveler, suddenly grown pale and nervous, stared from the window anxiously.

The First Patent on Matches.

Before 1833, when wooden matches with phosphorus were made in Vienna, people were dependent upon flint and steel to secure a light. The first patent for a phosphorus match in the United States was taken out in 1836 by A. D. Philipps of Springfield, Mass. For many years people refused to use them, but by 1845 the ill smelling and clumsy old tinder boxes were generally discarded and are preserved, like snuffboxes, as curiosities.

Out of His Line.

Western Relative.—Well, Wendell, what was the score today? Little Boston Boy—Really, I do not know. Is it not your opinion, Uncle William, that the theism of Clement and Athanasius furnishes a much more tenable basis for a rational theory of creation than is afforded by that of Augustine?—Chicago Tribune.

Competent.

Irate Passenger—I believe you're driving over every stone in the road! Driver—Waal, sir, it takes a purty good driver to bit 'em all.—Boston Herald.

The Real Trouble.

"Woman's ignorance of cooking is the bane of married life."

"No; it's woman's ignorance of her ignorance of cooking."—Boston Transcript.

Kindness has converted more sinners than zeal, eloquence or learning.—F. W. Faber.

The Edge of Night.

There are only twenty-four hours to the day—to the day and the night. And how few are left to that quiet time between the light and the dark! Ours is a hurried twilight. We quit work to sleep; we wake up to work again. We measure the day by the clock; we measure the night by an alarm clock. Life is all ticked off. We are murdered by the second. What we need is a day and a night with wider margins, a dawn that comes more slowly and a longer lingering twilight. Life has too little selvage; it is too often raw and raveled. Room and quiet and verge are what we want, not more dials for time nor more figures for the dials. We have things enough, too—more than enough. It is space for the things, perspective and the right measure for the things that we lack—a measure not one foot short of the distance between us and the stars.

If we get anything out of the fields worth while it will be this measure, this largeness and quiet. It may be only an owl or a tree toad that we go forth to see, but how much more we find in things we cannot bear by day—things long, long forgotten, things we never thought or dreamed before.

The day is none too short, the night none too long, but all too narrow is the edge between.—Dallas Lore Sharp in Atlantic.

The Real Napoleon.

At a review of the national guard at the Tuileries shortly before Waterloo I had for some time a most complete opportunity of contemplating this extraordinary being. His face is of a deadly pale, his jaws overhanging, but not so much as I had heard. His hair is short, of a dark, dusky brown. He generally stood with his hands knit behind him or folded before him and three or four times took snuff out of a plain brown box. Once he looked at his watch, which, by the way, had a gold face and, I think, a brown hair chain, like an English one. His teeth seemed regular, but not clean. He very seldom spoke, but when he did smiled in some sort agreeably. He looked about him—not knitting, but joining, his eyebrows. As the front of each regiment passed he put up the first finger of his left hand quickly to his hat to salute, but did not move his head or hat. He had an air of sedate impatience.—From "Recollections of a Long Life," by Lord Broughton.

Clearly Understood.

They seldom gave dinner parties, and those they gave were small. But they liked things done decently and in order and generally had the best. On the afternoon of one of the little parties the host summoned the boy in buttons and said to him, "Now, John, you must be careful how you hand round the wine."

"Yes, sir."

"These bottles with the black seals are the best and these with the red seals the inferior sherry. The best sherry is for after dinner. The inferior sherry you will hand around with the hock after soup. You understand—hock and inferior sherry after soup?"

"Yes, sir, perfectly," responded the boy in buttons.

The evening came and with it the guests. Everything went on swimmingly till the boy went round the table asking each of the guests, "Hock or inferior sherry?"—London Tit-Bits.

When the Fairies Are Noisy.

Among the flowers which are said to be very popular with fairies are bluebells, harebells and wood sorrel. All these flowers are used by the fairies to attract the attention of their friends who are at a little distance. If you are ever out in the woods when the bluebell or wood sorrel begins to peal in delicate, soft tones you will know that the little flower is being swayed to and fro by some visiting fairy. The foxglove, known also as the fairy bells, are also said to be used by the fairies for chimes, but when the little people wish to sound a real resounding blast that shall awaken from slumber some tiny friend in a nearby flower bed or thicket they use not a bell, but a rose leaf rolled up into a very charming horn.—Lexington Leader.

The Beggars of Madeira.

There is only one fly in the ointment of Madeira comfort—the beggars. They begin to beg before they can walk, and they call "Penny, penny!" before they can lisp the sacred name of "mamma." However, one good thing has come of our experience with them. They have prepared us for beggars elsewhere. We are hardened now—at least we think we are. The savor of pity has gone out of us.—Albert Bigelow Paine in Outing Magazine.

A Prize Watchdog.

Gentleman—But I am afraid he wouldn't make a good watchdog. Man (with bull terrier)—Not a good watchdog! Why, Lor' bless your 'eart, it was only last week that this wery animal held a burglar down by the throat and beat his brains out with his tail.—London Tatler.

Better Dad Than Editors.

Judge—How do you earn your living? Prisoner—By writing, your honor. Judge—And what do you write for? Would you mind telling us? Prisoner—Not at all. I write for money from home.—Judge's Library.

Could He?

If a man saw his sister fall into a well, why could he not rescue her? Because he could not be a brother and assist her too.

He Knew Better.

Mr. Budd—Life is full of contradictions. Mrs. Budd—And I say it isn't.

Life is a great bundle of little things.—Holmes.

Cindy's Logic.

Cindy was an old black southern "mammy," with all the lovable traits and inconsistencies of her kind. For many years she was cook in the Warren family and gave faithful and satisfactory service.

One summer the entire family were away for two months, and Mr. Warren gave Cindy a real vacation by paying her full wages for that time and giving her the keys to the well stocked storeroom.

A few days after the return of the family Cindy came bristling into Mrs. Warren's sitting room.

"I wants mo' wages," she announced.

"Why, Cindy," exclaimed the surprised mistress, "you are getting better pay than any cook I know of in a family the size of ours. You have a nice, comfortable room and good treatment. Think how kind it was of Mr. Warren to give you a long vacation with your full wages."

"Dat's it," grumbled Cindy. "Mr. Warren paid me dat money fur doin' nuthin'. An' now all you folks is come back fur me to cook fur an' wait on. An' I gits more money or I leaves."

His Big Hit.

"Jones made an awful big hit at the banquet the other night."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; he was called on for a speech and refused."—Detroit Free Press.

Happy Thought!

Voice From Within the Taxicab—Shay, choofer, how much do I owe ye? "Seven dollars and fifty cents, sir." "Well, shay, back up till ye come to 80 cents. That's all I got."—Life.

Wealth is not his that has it, but his that enjoys it.

How He Paid His Fine.

Pat Kelly, the owner of the only jaunting car in the village, went on a spree and was sentenced to a fine of 20 shillings or seven days in jail. Kelly chose the latter.

Now, the prison was ten miles away, and the only possible means of getting a prisoner there was by driving. As Kelly himself had the only car in the place, there was nothing to do but to hire it. For some time the constable and his prisoner haggled over the terms.

Kelly stuck out firmly for 30 shillings, to be paid in advance, and at last the constable had to consent to the extortion. Accordingly they drove off and without any misadventures arrived at the prison. When they had alighted Kelly suddenly informed his companion that he had changed his mind, as the prison wasn't a decent looking place, and would pay the fine.

He thereupon drew out the 30 shillings he had received, counted out the 20 shillings and paid them over to the inspector. Then, jumping on his car, he drove away, leaving the constable to walk back.

A House In Pompeii.

In the exhumation of Pompeii one house was discovered which was evidently being repaired when the volcanic storm that overwhelmed the city hurled it to the ground. Painters, decorators and cleaners must have been busy at the very moment of the catastrophe. Painters' pots and brushes and workmen's tools were scattered all over the house. Telltale spots of whitewash starred wall and floor. Such domestic implements as pots and kettles had been bundled up in a corner all by themselves. There was a bronze dish in waiting before the oven and on the dish a sucking pig ready to be baked. But the oven was already engaged with its full complement of bread. So the pig had to wait. It, however, never entered the oven after all, and the loaves were not taken out. They had remained where placed to bake. It is calculated, close upon 2,000 years. There were twenty-three of them, rather crusty, of course, and somewhat dark colored, but otherwise perfectly preserved.

Whitefield on Love and Marriage.

George Whitefield, the most persuasive preacher England has produced, who died on Sept. 30, 1770, could appeal so powerfully to the emotions that he once enticed all the money from the pocket of the prudent Franklin. Yet he strangely anticipated some modern unromantic views on the subject of marriage. In 1740 he applied to the parents of a young lady for the hand of their daughter, adding, "If I know anything of my own heart I am free from that foolish passion which the world calls love."

When this prosaic proposal was declined the undaunted Whitefield married an elderly Welsh widow "neither rich nor beautiful." This "merry widow" did not make a congenial helpmate, and Whitefield remarked, with refreshing candor, that "her death set 'his' mind at rest!"—Westminster Gazette.

Catching Monkeys.

Ringtailed monkeys, which rank among the most valuable, commercially speaking, of the small animals, are caught in an interesting way. A coconut is split in two and a banana with a piece of wood running through it placed lengthwise through the nut, the two halves of which are drawn together by wires. Then a hole is cut just large enough for the monkey's paw to enter. The monkey spies the tempting nut from his tree. He hops down, looks it over, sees the hole and smells the banana inside. He is fond of bananas. Putting his paw in, he grasps it, but the wood prevents it from coming out. Then the catchers appear, and the monkey runs for a tree. But he cannot climb because of the cocoanut on his paw, and he will not let go of that, so he is captured, pawing wildly at the tree trunk.

The Experiment Failed.

When a small boy mentioned in Short Stories grows up the scientific curiosity he displayed may be a valuable possession. Meanwhile his mother objects to it.

"Ma," remarked the boy, "isn't it funny that everybody calls little brother a bouncing baby?"

"Why do you think it's funny, William?" asked his mother.

"Because when I dropped him off the porch this morning he didn't bounce a bit; he just hollered."

How Toucans Roost.

Nothing could be more eccentric to our eyes than the way in which toucans go to roost. The bird does not "tuck its head under its wing, poor thing!" and so settle down, but packs itself up in most orderly fashion. The tail is turned forward over the back in the soft feathers of which the gigantic bill is hidden. Then the tail shuts down, all semblance of a bird is lost, and one can see nothing but a ball of feathers.—London Standard.

Brother Goodsole's Mistake.

"Brother Goodsole," asked the Rev K. Mowatt Laightly, "did you announce last Sunday that I would occupy your pulpit this morning?"

"Indeed, I did, Brother Laightly."

"Yet look at the smallness of the congregation. I can't account for it."—Chicago Tribune.

Her Unfashionable Figure.

Emma—I must go right away to a cure in Marienbad.

"Indeed! What doctor ordered that?"

"No doctor—my dressmaker."—Fliegende Blatter.

Punishment is a cripple, but he arrives.—Spanish Proverb.

Tuning a Bell.

No matter how great may be the care taken in making the mold, a bell has to be tuned before it will ring a clear, true note. As a matter of fact, every bell sounds five notes, all of which must blend together harmoniously. If one is the least bit out the tone will be spoiled. The first of these notes is produced by the vibrations at the mouth of the bell, the second by the vibrations a little higher up, the third still higher up, and so on to the fifth, which is produced quite near the top. As the character of the sound which rings depends upon the thickness of the metal, it is possible, by taking thin shavings from various places in the inside of the bell, to alter the five notes until they are all in harmony.

Name to Fit the Trade.

Old newspapers give us many instances of men's names fitting their callings. Thus we have Last, a shoemaker of Exeter, and Treadway, who plied the same trade in Hammersmith. There was a Bristol schoolmaster named Rod. Dodge and Wynne, attorneys at law of Liverpool, must have been the butts of their fellow townsmen, while few could have a more appropriate name than the Primitive Methodist preacher River Jordan.—London Chronicle.

No Escape Via Temperament.

"Mabel is getting past the marriageable age, isn't she?"

"Yes, and it's too bad she hasn't any talents."

"Why?"

"She won't be able to tell her friends that temperament prompts her to give up matrimony and devote herself to art."—St. Louis Star.

His Examination Concluded.

In the evidence before a parliamentary committee concerning the opposition to a railway Hodge scored a point which accentuates a certain legal fiction with reference to skilled witnesses.

A Scotch farmer was giving his testimony in favor of the bill.

"Is it true," said the wily K. C. in his most searching style, "that you, sir, said to Mr. Guild that you were willing to give your evidence on the other side if they would pay you better?"

"Aye," said the pawky farmer, "and" (after a pause) "let me jist pit the same question to ye—if ye had been offered a bigger fee, wad ye no hae been on th'ither side yersel'?"

It is needless to say that the K. C. did not cross question the witness further.—Pearson's Weekly.

Pipes Frozen by Warm Spells.

It is a curious fact that water pipes under ground will often freeze during the warm spell that follows a cold snap. The explanation made for this interesting phenomenon is that after a cold wave a large quantity of heat is taken from the ground in the work of changing the frozen moisture into water, and thus, on the principle of the ice cream freezer, the pipe is chilled, enough heat being taken from it to freeze it.

Cause For Thanks.

"Alas!" sighed the tramp dramatically. "No matter where I turns, there's a hand raised against me."

"Which shows you ought to be thankful fer one thing," said the farmer.

"What's that?"

"That it ain't a foot that's raised."

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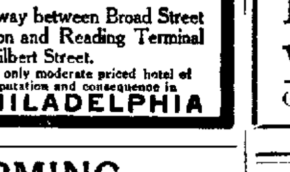
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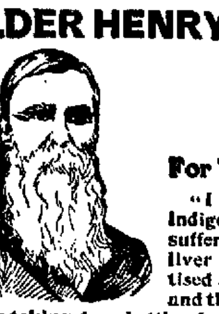
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VOL. XXXVII.

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Largest Congregation of ... Heard Ex-Gambler at the ... Meeting on Sunday Aft[ernoon]